THE COMMONWEAL

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THE YEAR OF STRUGGLE

"I WANT to speak for a moment directly to the public," President Roosevelt remarked, in the course of his address to the General Conference of Code Authorities and Trade Association Code Committees. This was by way of prelude to a quotation from his speech of nearly a year ago, when the National Industrial Recovery Act became law, when he said: "This law is a challenge to our whole people. There is no power in America that can force against the public will such action as we require. But there is no group in America that can withstand the force of an aroused public opinion. This great cooperation can succeed only if those who bravely go forward to restore jobs have aggressive public support and those who lag are made to feel the full weight of public disapproval." As the main part of the President's speech was addressed directly to those having the practical task of drawing up and administering the NRA code, for the purpose of urging a further increase of wages and a decrease of working hours for employees, the President's phrase about speaking "for a moment directly to the public" was appropriate—yet also, of course, his words to his immediate audience, then, and whenever he speaks on any subject, to any audience, were and are meant for the whole nation. And to a degree unprecedented since the national emergencies that confronted Washington, Lincoln, and Wilson, the whole nation is profoundly stirred and deeply affected by all that President Roosevelt says.

As he enters his second year, the President has in his hands the power of public opinion, which he so often invokes, to a degree which even his most convinced and determined opponents recognize as unprecedented in the history of the American republic. Executive authority is concentrated and at present it is potentially overwhelming. Its concentration, a year ago, was a stark national necessity. Human memory is weak, but the wonderful recovery of the nation from the depths of the depression reached one year ago, with the unmistakable shadow of a vast catastrophe impending which hung over those dark days, has not yet banished that particular memory from the public mind. That the emergency, although greatly lessened, still exists, and still requires extraordi-

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nary measures to cope with it, is the conviction deeply impressed upon the public consciousness. Only a part of the road toward national economic recovery has been achieved. A vast burden of unemployment still weighs down our social system. And that way of stating the case, while true enough, utterly fails to express the dynamic nature of our continuing crisis. We must translate all such phrases into terms of humanity in order to see the true situation. Millions upon millions of men, women, and little children—we must remember—compose that "burden of unemployment." Men and women and children who must starve if not kept alive by charity in some form—direct relief, or extemporized and largely non-economic forms of paid employment.

Few people, we believe, even among those most opposed to the President's course, would deny the necessity for the continuance, perhaps, for years to come, of the need for charity on an enormous scale, and, on the whole, they approve, or at least they tolerate, those measures of the President which deal with this problem. But the case entirely alters when it comes to the question of that fundamental and permanent change of our whole economic system which will follow upon the President's announcement that the NRA must continue; that it is no merely temporary expedient, but a continuing method (allied with many other measures), to be achieved "by lawful, constitutional processes to reorganize a disintegrating system of production and exchange. . . . The methods and details of that reorganization may and will change from year to year, but it is very certain that the American people understand that the purpose of the reorganization was not only to bring back prosperity. It was far deeper than that. The reorganization must be permanent for all the rest of our lives in that never again will we permit the social conditions which permitted vast sections of our population to exist in an un-American way, which permitted a maldistribution of wealth and power."

This is decisive. What it states could have been, and indeed has been, inferred from what the President laid down as his guiding principles in his inaugural address. It has also been inferred from the main drift of his whole course of action since March, 1933. It has been confirmed, often with exaggerated emphasis, from the statements of many of his chief lieutenants in his administration. But mere inferences do not possess the dynamic force of positive statements. Now, the first, purely experimental, merely exploratory year of the new deal gives way to a year of struggle—the real struggle—to succeed in making it permanent. The extremely radical movements now afoot in the country will undoubtedly gain adherents, and possibly move toward a condition of alliance, perhaps even of amalgamation, attempting to shape the new deal according to their own desires. The forces of mere reaction—those who would in spite of all that has happened go back to the shattered system—obviously cannot do so, but they can, and probably will, ally themselves with some movement toward economic and political Fascism. That those Catholics who attempt to base their thinking upon the principles and traditions of Christianity, as those can be applied in economics, are now more gravely challenged than ever before to meet the year of struggle constructively is most obvious. To this most serious subject we shall return in future issues.

WEEK BY WEEK

CLOSING one year of strenuous activity in office, President Roosevelt made a fine and spirited defense of his attitude toward the nation's problems. Perhaps it would be better to say a plea, or even a eulogy. Not many citizens can have listened without sentiments of affection for a man who has so conspicuously combined sincerity, political skill and readiness to act. We are grateful for all these things and yet we see, very especially as a result of the past week's news, the seeds of coming storms for which it is well to be prepared. Fundamentally the decision to let governments spend and extend credit when the fountains of private confidence have run dry is very likely sound. But a government cannot assume responsibilities which the people as a whole need not bear. If the gamblers and gougers of 1929 rammed the money of good citizens into all sorts of muzzle-loaders and then shot up the town, it by no means follows that Washington may not do likewise. We Americans are surely not endowed with so little memory that we have forgotten the ways of politics or—for example—the history of public finance in that era of the war which so closely resembles this present time. The capital city is a place where cash and credit are being given away on a grand scale. Is it being spent more productively, more sanely, than Mr. Insull invested some of our money in the flush days of yore? Remember, we do not get these "business primers" for nothing. The war debts are the last uncollectable instalment on the sums paid by the American people for the productive boom of 1915-1921. Not a cent which the Roosevelt administration expends will come from anywhere else excepting the pockets of the American citizenry, small and big, rich and poor. It is folly to assume that industry can pay out the same earnings once as taxes and then as wages. It is equally fallacious to pretend that the nation acting as banker need not collect its loans from somewhere or maintain its borrowing power for a period of real emergencies.

The Latest News

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DURING the past week we all noticed a few phenomena bearing on this subject. To begin with, there was the veterans' lobby again, as strong as ever, and in our humble opinion bound eventually to triumph. The demand is coming this time from a variety of new sources, particularly in rural districts. People who watch farmers getting money for not working are becoming convinced—vide almost any collection of small-town papers—that the soldier might well put in a claim, too. Secondly, there is the burning problem of the C. W. A. This organization, justifiable from a humanitarian point of view, is unworkable and in the long run extravagantly unprofitable. The trouble is that no substitute yet devised would reduce the scope or cost of this method of unemployment relief. We predict that political pressure will necessitate more rather than less C. W. A. in some form. Third, there are interesting government experiments in trade banking. If under Mr. Peek's direction we go in for loans to finance enterprises in Russia, Cuba and elsewhere, the international banker will have been disposed of effectively enough but the bread upon the waters may be just as wayward as ever. Finally, we have observed that Professor Tugwell is to start buying up marginal lands. The result ought to be a rise in the price of choice farm property—at the taxpayer's expense. Nobody who is so afflicted by original sin as to doubt the beneficence of inflation and the financial disinterestedness of lobbies can get a lot of comfort out of these things. We think that the President himself is hardly enjoying the situation, and that it will be interesting to see what he attempts to do about it during the next months.

THE POLITICAL ignorance of the average urban voter has been revealed in startling proportions by an investigation conducted by the New York *Evening Post*. Four hundred of what were assumed to be typical citizens in various walks of life in the different parts of the city, were asked to name the aldermanic, assembly, state senatorial and congressional districts in which they live and in which they have voted—all of those questioned were voters—and to name the men that had been elected to represent them. Of this number, 11 were fully informed, 80 partly informed and 309 wholly uninformed. In other words, 309 out of 400 did not know the man over whose political destinies they by reason of their suffrage were supposed to have some kind of control, in the deliberative bodies of the local government and the lower branch of the federal Congress. On the fourth day of the inquiry, the only person who could name all his representatives was an unemployed reporter. Even city employees who presumably had a direct interest in politics were only slightly better than the general average. A school teacher was able to give three of the four names, a doctor and a lawyer could give none. What does this indicate? It indicates serious flaws in the workings of representative government.

Unrepresentative Government

IT INDICATES the pleasant shades of ignorance and indifference of the great body of taxpayers, which permit the professional politician and the political machine too easily to confuse selfish interests with the public weal. It indicates why local government jobs and expenses have grown out of all reason, with their relentless burden of taxation. The *Post's* analysis is extremely significant and it would be most interesting if some similar tests could be made elsewhere, so that with a wider spread of the data, slightly more reliable proportions between democratic enlightenment and unenlightenment might be estimated. Of course our party system of government is supposed to give some checking by competent and interested individuals on the operations of the party in power, and at the time of campaigns, to offer a sort of grouping, a sort of algebraic sum of the strength and weaknesses of the various offices of government. The flaw in this theory is, particularly in the case of local government, that there is apt to be collusion between the parties, a working understanding that the voters are so dumb and easy-going that enough funds can be mulcted from them so that there will be something for all the "regular" fellows and "rich pickings" for the few strong men in the smoke-filled room who are supposed to determine our political destinies. Important as are the national issues being forged at present, the problem of the efficient and economical administration of local government is of almost equally vital importance for the family trying to make a decent living in a decent environment in these United States today. Certainly it is of greater importance than the citizenry seem to appreciate, if we judge by the *Post's* survey and our own limited personal observation.

WHILE the verbiage, rooted prejudices and emotions swirl with their thunder around the NRA, it is interesting to have the National City Bank in its latest bulletin report on how what sometimes used to be called in the vernacular "the iron men" have been advancing. To come to the point quickly, they say that 810 of the large corporations in the country in the past year showed net profits of $441,000,000 contrasted with a net deficit of $46,000,000 in 1932. The analysis embraced thirty-seven industrial groups. Of these, eleven

The Iron Men March

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which had had profits in 1932 increased their profits in 1933. Deficits gave place to profits in twelve groups and deficits were decreased in eight. Only six showed unfavorable trends through the effects of either reduced volume or lower selling prices. These included baking, drugs, tobacco, printing and publishing. Those groups which had had profits in 1932 and increased them in 1933 are reported to have been engaged in the production of goods for immediate consumption. In summation, the proportion of companies operating at a profit rose from 40 percent in 1932 to 62 percent in 1933. Obviously this still leaves a large margin for improvement. The important fact is that solid, appreciable improvement is being made. Coming down to 1934, the bankers say that the forward movement of business in January has continued at an accelerated pace. This is rich fare for Lent and should be approached, without the shadow of a doubt, in the spirit of the season.

Lord Halifax

WE ARE glad to notice in the current number of *Pax,* the magazine published by the Benedictines of Prinknash, the following tribute to the memory of Lord Halifax, indefatigable Anglican worker for church union: "His Lordship, as all familiar with the early history of the community will know, was one of our kindest and most generous supporters in Anglican days. This was particularly so during the years 1902-1906 when he lent a house to make a home for the fast-growing community, at the same time giving many proofs of his friendship and keen interest in the work. The Conversion in 1913 was naturally a great blow to Lord Halifax's hopes of seeing the Benedictine life flourish once more in the Church of England, but he showed no bitterness under the disappointment; indeed, his letters to our Abbot on that occasion might stand as a witness to his Christian spirit and innate goodness of heart." He was in every sense a good man, whose labors reaped abundant fruit though the goal he had set for them was not to be reached.

A Glimpse of the Past

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY has been showing a variety of medieval manuscripts from the Morgan Library, and it is so brilliant a display that we advise everyone to go have a look. Among the volumes are two which once formed part of the treasure of Weingarten Monastery, which was suppressed by Napoleon. Parts of the great collection of books were sold through dealers, and the volumes mentioned above came into possession of Thomas Coke of Holkham. His descendants, living in more harassed times, disposed of them. What associations these old books evoke! Beautiful in themselves, they remind one of days when writing was so precious that it was often literally done in gold by the labor of monks. But Weingarten Monastery, rich in the accumulation of centuries, has now been restored to the Benedictines. The traveler in the lower Danube valley may hear again the chant of monks and retire, if he so wishes, to the quiet of a monastic library for study and reflection. Then there was Thomas Coke. An English agriculturist and gentleman of fine ideals, he began in 1776 to open his great house to farmers interested in the betterment of agriculture. It is said that hundreds of people came from all parts of the world to attend these conferences, as a result of which the soil in the neighborhood of Holkham was made to yield nearly ten times more than previously. That such a man, who might have ridden to hounds or gone yachting, not merely concerned himself with the welfare of farmers but went to Paris and sought out just these old books is enough to prove—if there were no other information—that the eighteenth century had its large and spacious moments. And this is just one glimpse of the past which this remarkable exhibit affords.

The Dillinger Case

THE NEWSPAPERS have been so full of the criminal Dillinger in the past few weeks that the temptation to say nothing more is great. However, his latest exploit—breaking out of his Indiana prison—brings to a focus the facts in his career which have a general rather than a particular significance. They are symptoms of something wrong with our method of preventing, detecting and punishing crime. One of the problems recurrently presented in this business is the appearance of criminals who catch the popular imagination. With the criminal's brutality and maniacal disregard of human rights and human life, these men mingle the daring and resource which might have made them real leaders of men, and which almost everyone almost irresistibly admires. The popular tendency to make heroes of these desperadoes—the tendency that immortalized Billy the Kid, and dictated the song about "the dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard and laid poor Jesse James in his grave"—should be recognized and countered. It cannot honestly be said that most newspapers make any real effort to counter it. When in addition, as in the Dillinger case, the officers of the law and of justice themselves become immersed in the current of vicious sentimentality around the felon, the result is disastrous, whether he escapes or is tried and hanged. The photographs taken of Dillinger being amiable with his woman jailer and playing "buddy" with the attorney sworn to bring him to justice, were gravely demoralizing. If

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this dangerous criminal's escape was actually abetted by his guards, as is now charged, those men were only in degree more traitorous to their duty than the sheriff and the prosecuting attorney.

Snakes et Al.

BY SYMPATHY or coincidence, as Saint Patrick's Day draws near, the serpent stories in the newspapers increase. The monster of Loch Ness is quiescent for the moment, but this is more than compensated for by the marine apparitions elsewhere. Querqueville, a little French port, has had an actual, material What-is-it, of a genus whose most distant acquaintance scientists candidly disclaim—huge, hairy, long-necked and dorsal-finned—washed up on its beach; another is reported near Cherbourg; and a whole school seems to have been sighted at various points between. Also, a coast patrol on the Gulf of Mexico now patriotically claims to have seen an equally queer fish, equally gigantic and nameless, rearing inquisitively out of those waters. But our favorite snake story is the less spectacular but more appealing one that has just come to light in New York. Recently eight rare and beautiful snakes were stolen from the Bronx Zoo—it was assumed by an expert herpetologist, as none of the eight was poisonous. The loss was immediately broadcast, and the loot very soon turned up in the snake collection of the biology department of one of the city's best known high schools. An expert—or rather two experts—had indeed put them there: two fourth-year students, whose queer mixture of acquisitiveness, biological passion and school spirit will be a little difficult to deal with. Dr. Ditmars, the famous curator of reptiles, recognized the boys as frequent visitors to the snake house at the Zoo, who knew so much about its inmates that they once ventured to correct him when he made a slight error in speaking publicly of one of them. We cannot but hope that the sentencing judge at the Children's Court will deal understandingly with the scholarly and altruistic young felons.

You Can't Win

AN AMUSING and, we think, profitable demonstration is being staged by Mayor La Guardia for that class of citizens whom the late Texas Guinan called by a plainer name. The mayor has had samples of the various types of slot machines for gambling which were rounded up in the recent police drive put on exhibition at Rockefeller Center. Visitors are given free slugs and urged to play the machines, which it is proposed to test by 200,000 plays. The mayor wishes to teach the curious and the credulous how the old army game works, and how true is the adage that "You Can't Win." After three days of trial, one of the machines had paid back a jackpot at the end of 2,845 plays, and another disgorged after 2,674 plays. When the week of exhibition is over, the experiment will be continued, until the 200,000 tries are recorded, in the general science department of the New York University School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance. The mayor is a good teacher. He lets the pupils do it themselves, and the moral of the lesson is in no way injured by the fact that they have some fun doing it. Of course, he will be wise enough to allow for the margin of unteachables, to whom one chance in 2,845 is fair enough, and one chance in 2,674 downright big-hearted.

THE STUDY CLUB

THE "STUDY CLUB" movement is on the up grade. Without mentioning dates, places or persons, we are registering the opinion, based on some experience, that the idea is both practicable and attractive. Of course something depends upon circumstances, and something upon tact and technique. In some places the movement gets along better than it does elsewhere. We have seen a hall filled with a thousand people in a city where others said such meetings could not possibly succeed. And—since this article is limited rather closely to what is occurring in Catholic circles—we have beheld a young priest bring together hundreds of men and women in a neighborhood which took it for granted that nobody would stir from home at night excepting for a prize-fight or an automobile ride. Finally, we know that to a very considerable extent younger people have got behind the thing.

Ordinary man is a gregarious listener. The radio will serve at times, even very well indeed, but in the long run human beings return to the psychology which underlies the continued appeal of the university. Coming together for instruction and discussion is entirely different from sitting alone and cramming oneself with knowledge or entertainment. Of course there are individuals who vastly prefer solitude, but most of us, having to choose between improving the mind in private and letting it go hang, take the second course. It is always fascinating to observe how an audience, bored and probably tired at first, responds when the person on the rostrum touches on matters of vital interest. Trends of reflection start at one end of the crowd and ripple over to the other end. There is something like a mesmerism of collective inquiry—something mysterious and yet exceedingly real.

Now suppose we place these simple facts against the background of a great present social need. The most significant cultural fact we must confront is adult leisure. Humanity is just beginning to realize that putting physics and chemistry to work means "liberating" man and woman from

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toil. By using nitrates in soil feeding we raise so much cotton and wheat that it is actually necessary (or at least seemingly so) to ask farmers not to seed their entire plots. And of course the innumerable mechanisms which serve industry render obsolete so and so many efforts by the human hand and body. The whole process is admirably symbolized in the trend from work to so-called management. While the number of factory and similar workers in all advanced societies has remained stationary or has dwindled, the number of people employed in marketing and management has greatly increased. It is no longer labor which makes the world go round—though we are far from wishing to deny the value and importance of labor—but direction. It is upon the great need for a directing personnel that the higher education system was based during recent years. The steady demand for executives and assistants, from stenographers to technicians, kept the schools crowded with young folk anxious to learn how to fill a waiting job.

Today that normal readjustment between a new industry and a new society has been effected. The educational system cannot any longer be geared to a task the day for which is partly over. While of course people will keep on being trained (and more efficiently) in the lore of business and other professions, the real objective of the "university" must be enriching the leisure of the individual and the group. It has often been said that development in the physical, chemical and mathematical sciences has outstripped character. How could it be otherwise? A world which had no time for anything but work, which placed gain at the top of the list of values, could at best make moral and religious interests subservient to practical purposes. The difference between Saint Bernard and the bourgeois is simply this: the first believed in the spiritual life as the primary activity of man, while the second has believed that if one lives according to the dictates of spiritual authority one's chances to succeed are better. And almost any genuine realist will tell you that while the first is quite right, faith granted, the second is palpably and demonstrably wrong. There is no reason why a good man ought not to expect material blessings; but a good man is not one who thinks primarily in terms of material blessings.

But while culture is morality and is religion, it is also culture. Everything Newman wrote about the "gentleman" and the "university" has a striking pertinence at the present moment. Even the two-edged sword that his discourse was needs sharpening again. Newman was aware on the one hand that no amount of breeding or education could satisfy a man living in a religious vacuum, but on the other hand he also understood that going to church must not be made to serve as an excuse for rawness, uncouthness and limitation of soul. Indeed the man of faith needs intellectual and esthetic training in order to surround action with a protective blanket. Between instinct and moral command there must be reason. The ages of genuine progress in the life of the Church have been periods of unremitting educational effort.

The study club can become the agency through which Christian culture is presented to the many who now have time for it. In days when the term "peasant" could be applied to the great majority of people, work itself—the rhythm of the seasons and of labor proper to each season—was blessed and sanctified, so that the tempo of ordinary living was made to run parallel with the drama of existence in the Church. Today, when so much we do is to some extent a matter of thinking, the task is to adjust that thought to reflection based on religious motives. We cannot do much for the average modern man if what interests him practically remains separate from what is supposed to engross him on Sunday morning. Even a person for whom daily Mass has become a habit would be likely to fall into a spiritual rut if the material of his routine activities remained entirely outside the realm of belief.

It is obvious enough that ethical problems, whether individual or social, cannot be divorced from religious convictions. The manner in which a given person estimates conduct depends entirely upon his beliefs. But "culture" in the narrower sense seems more elusive. A great number of otherwise fine people do not quite know what to do with it. Whether a book or a writer is "moral" or not occasionally becomes an interesting question. But whether a book or a writer has quality, and what that quality is, still remains a problem from which even fairly well educated men and women shy away. A speaker can far more easily find an audience for a discussion of the NRA than he can for a presentation of Shakespeare. And yet there are good reasons why a Catholic study-club in particular should bother about Shakespeare rather than the NRA.

Shakespeare is for us a book recording one of the great poets—his experience, his art, his impressions of the value of man. And if the author were not so great, if, indeed, he were some insignificant and forgotten Tom Thumb, he would be more likely to "rouse thoughts too deep for tears" and therefore closer to the springs from which religious longing rises than any economic experiment about which we trouble ourselves not needlessly but too much. If the adult leisure now definitely characteristic of life is ever to be put to use, we shall eventually have to come round again to the great books and philosophies. Meanwhile a good beginning has been made. One sincerely congratulates those whose sacrifice and sagacity have made the study club movement look like a prelude to numerous good things.

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GUILDS—NOT NRA

By R. A. McGOWAN

Criticism of the NRA usually hails from those who oppose interference with business operation. In the following paper, Father McGowan asserts that the "machine is wrong" because it gives inadequate labor representation. The encyclical letter of Pope Pius XI on social reconstruction called for, he thinks, something more. It may be added that this is the first of a series of papers, written from many points of view, designed to trace the relation between the new deal and Christian social ethics.—The Editors.

WHEN the NRA starts out to establish living wages and then sets such minima as $12, $13 and $14 a week, this is not proof simply of a mistake. In the circumstances it proves a defect in the NRA itself. When the NRA starts out to distribute wide buying power and then sets such wages as these and others little better and none higher than the labor union rates, and these only when already well established, again this is not proof simply of bad handling. In the circumstances it proves the machine is not right. The same is true of the hours in the codes for a highly productive society like ours, of the nation-wide chiseling, the profiteering prices and the new growth, against the words of the law, of company-fostered and company-controlled company unions.

The machine is wrong. It was probably the best machine we could get last spring. But this is another season. The machine is made up of employers alone and there is no reaching the aims of the NRA, to say nothing of moving on to aims still fuller in such a machine. For industry is not employers alone; and when the NRA calls employers "industry" and by the simple twist of a word expects results by organizing that one element for "industrial self-government" it is romantic. The aim of business is the largest net return. American industrial wealth is intensely concentrated. Control is in the hands of minority-owners and banks. To call them "industry," give them organized power, and expect them with slight pressure from a government agency to abandon a deep-rooted motive of maximum profit and maximum power is to miss most of the facts. Nor does this mean that all employers are so animated; the habitual and dominant nature of present-day business is all that is meant.

After an earlier career of battling individualism American business entered the stage of concentrated wealth and power and lust for domination. A fringe of competition remained. The fringe grew deeper in the depression. Yet the man who figured that some 200 non-banking corporations and some 100 banking corporations dominate was probably correct. Furthermore, a handful of men were and are in control of these companies. Pius XI described this sort of thing, in Europe as in the United States, as "hard, cruel and relentless in ghastly measure," as subjecting governments, battling for economic dictatorship, pushing the nations on to nationalism, imperialism and the imperialism of international bankers and causing the clash of governments. More specific to an economic régime, he said that still less than competition can such a condition guide economic life to the common good.

Both the old competition and the new domination, Pius XI said, need to be strictly ruled by government. The NRA is, in part, such an effort. But its touch has been light, its roar that of a dove. In fact, against concentrated economic power not a great deal can be expected of a government bureau alone; the two are unequal in power. Moreover, if government seriously tried, alone, to confront organized plutocracy wholeheartedly, it would under the circumstances be led into another evil, the actual administration of slice after slice of economic life.

The truth is that nothing short of the full program of economic organization in Pius XI's "Reconstructing the Social Order" will make economic life serve the good of all. The heart of that order is the NRA plus something else. Production, distribution, service and the professions are organized as a whole. The separate industries, services and professions are organized. Control and direction of all economic life and its separate parts are in the hands of these organized industries and professions and their unified organization. The aim is a sound life in work and the common good. These organizations of the separate industries and professions are, it seems clearly, composed of employers' associations and labor unions in city industry and of other types of lesser bodies in occupations not so divided between owners and non-owners. The NRA on the other hand unites only employers and organizes only industry and trade.

The encyclical calls these organized industries and professions *collegia* or guilds. In the context, it looks to the guild system to cure an evil which is not so great at this stage of our life. On the next page, however, it takes up the guild relation to economic welfare, discards competition and domination as unfit guides of economic life to the common good, says that only social justice and social charity are such guides, and then says that social justice must function precisely by build-

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ing this social order, this economic organization, these guilds, to direct production and service. On the preceding page it presents the guild system as the answer also to the problem of the limits of government in economic life. In other words something we are hunting for—a prosperous country, kept prosperous, and yet not one in which the government is omnipresent and omnipotent—is found in the guild system. And on the page where it is best described it is held out as the cure for something we want to avoid—that other evil, the class struggle, which Europe knows more than we but which we too know and, God help us, may know more of. The management of particular companies is not in mind. Rather is it general guidance of an industry's life (and of all together, in the case of the encyclical), much like the work of a trade association and code authority under the NRA.

Representation of the employees' unions in writing and administering the NRA codes seems essential. The NRA is right when it holds that an industry must be guided as a unit in matters of common interest and must guide itself. Where it is wrong is when it thinks an industry is employers only. Employees are interested in steady work at fair pay and not in cutting production and raising prices to obtain maximum profit. On the inside they can help the general public to get steady and large production at fair prices and can go far to make wages living wages and to fix both wages and hours at points that give steady work. Outside, they can do nothing to help consumers and only by battling can they make wages and hours meet their needs and the needs of general prosperity.

Two problems, in the second stage of importance, stand also to be solved if the unions are on the inside. One is a safe federation of code authorities to handle the interrelations of industries; for the relations of wage to wage, price to price, and income to income are key-points in making and keeping a country prosperous, and employees are interested in every phase of these in the same way that they are in the terms of the codes separately. Here we reach also into still other parts of the encyclical, such as profit sharing, distribution of ownership, partnership and the degree of government ownership necessary.

A second is the organization and code-making of other occupations and their membership in the federated economic life; for the occupations that deal in other than production and selling are growing and with our resources should grow more; they need organization and protection both to guide their own occupational life and to secure justice in the general life of the country, and industrial employees will welcome their organization.

Such a system the government is obligated to bring into existence on the basis of the existing organizations. The function of government goes farther still. An organized economic system will not, of course, either within itself or in its relations to consumers, act always to secure strict justice or that social justice which means the good of all. In such cases the government is to step in. But under a guild system it has something to work with which promises success. It does not face a perpetual rôle of meddler as under competition and plutocratic domination or of high chief administrator as under Communism.

The NRA has reached out to organize employers. Organization of employees into unions equal in extent and power with the trade associations of the employers, i. e., national and representative, is simply permitted, is not encouraged and is only partially and with great difficulty protected. The recent order providing, on request of a group, for free and honest elections to be held under the Labor Board helps this situation somewhat. Since the logic seems to call for labor union representation in writing and administering the codes, direct encouragement short of the actual act of organizing seems also called for.

Under guilds there is also the means of making economic life serve the common good at the same time that the whole range of natural economic rights in property, choice of occupation, etc., are kept. Certainly these rights will be limited to meet social needs; but that is of their nature. Certainly the natural right of ownership will then be not the inheritance of the few but normal to normal men; again that seems proper. But outside of guild organization it does not seem possible within the limits of natural individual rights to provide these basic needs: (1) a full use of our resources, equipment and technique to produce goods and services; and (2) a distribution of these products and services that will give everyone a good physical life, the means of a good mental development and, with the grace of God and the help of the Church, a good moral and spiritual life.

Unless we so organize economic life it seems also that we are on the road to a fight that may result in Communism but probably now will end in some kind of Fascism which the plutocrats will control with the help of others who for peace's sake will turn against the fighting employees. For surely we are in for a period of fighting unions, if all that we let employees do is fight and unemployment and low wages persist. There is another possibility. Our vast and easy wealth may simply let us decay and slide down hill as we go on providing somewhat for a permanent army of poor and unemployed by charity, social legislation and free rights to hitch-hike.

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THE FRENCH POLITICAL PUZZLE

By H. A. JULES-BOIS

THE INTERNAL politics of every country are difficult to understand and to judge fairly, especially those of a free people. One is led to belittle the latter, not because they are more fertile in scandals, but because these scandals, instead of being hushed-up, as dictatorial governments know so well how to do, are through party quarrels, popular manifestations and the liberty of the press, given a generous publicity. Above all it is not political régimes which are responsible for corruption, it is human nature that is the same in every latitude and whatever the form of government. But it is better to be the publican (or the republican) who accuses himself and repents than the "whited sepulcher" (or the reactionary) who glorifies himself and accuses others.

Thus, as an American journalist has remarked, the abominable intrigues of Stavisky, cosmopolitan adventurer, no more reflect on France than the infamous oil scandals lowered the prestige of the United States. What seems extraordinary to a calm and thoughtful observer, is that such misadventures do not take place more often. Calumny, slander, complicates the matter, especially in France where we do not have sufficient laws against libel; so the wave of mud always rises higher, assuming gigantic proportions in the romantic imagination of the masses abetted by the malice of the opposition to the party in power. When everything is brought into the open, it is very possible that the swindling has splashed its dirt on not as many persons as one had thought. This would not be the first time that the mountain has brought forth a mouse. But we should remember that the French people have shown an indignation proving well that the people are healthy-minded and would not long allow prevarication, intrigue, corruption. Among those who had their pates broken at the barricades were many brave *petits bourgeois* republicans, peaceful by nature, but resolute when necessary. And they had indeed been given causes for resolution.

On the subject of the Stavisky affair, there has been a good deal of fine writing about the end of parliamentarism in France. If it is the end of a certain kind of parliamentarism, so much the better! But I do not see very well with what they would replace parliamentarism in my country. That which expresses the spirit of our people, is the search to reform the system in effect and to remedy the errors of its functioning. It is certain that perfection is still far from being achieved. Is it achieved in other countries, which have perhaps a constitution better than ours? I don't know. And then each people has its idiosyncracies to which corresponds, well or ill, their political constitution. No doubt we will achieve reforms in our Constitution, in many ways, by studying closely that of the United States, which I consider most remarkable. But you do not have to overcome the difficulties here in the United States that we have imposed on us. You are a young people, who have not, as we have, a burdensome monarchical past. You have built on new land. In France, where individualism is very marked, the nuances in thought and opinion are numerous and delicate; from these the political parties are multiplied and with them, differences and struggles. Nevertheless one should remember that the more ardent discussions are, the more points of view differ—the more, also, deliberation gives guarantees of control. Under such circumstances it is difficult to juggle a vote, to force a decision, to throw oneself into a foolhardy adventure, as may tyrants who govern without permitting criticism or counterbalances. Therefore a premier who must reconcile his opposition or dominate them by the superiority of his personal conceptions, has merits which a despot does not have. He must show himself to be, in his case, truly a governing man. I recall a talk which I had with Clemenceau before the war. Clemenceau was certainly the *n*th degree of the political man, inclined by temperament to dictate. Nevertheless, while I was interviewing him on the conditions of a government which would correspond to his ideal, he answered me in these words which I have never forgotten, "It is better to have a bad government which is well controlled, than to have a good government which is not controlled at all." In this expression, he formulated what is no doubt the opinion of the majority of the French.

This, however, does not imply that the Constitution itself will not be modified; but, in the mean time, the first act of M. Gaston Doumergue, in accepting a very much extended power of office, was to declare that he would respect the Constitution; for in the status quo, not to respect it would mean the establishment of a dictatorship. And dictatorship is repugnant to the mass of our citizens who remember the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III and the disasters which resulted. We would willingly accept nothing more than "the dictatorship of persuasion." Such a dictatorship we have had on several occasions under the Third Republic. The first time with Waldeck-Rousseau. His competence has been equaled by no other person. One bowed before his superiority, it was so incontestable. He governed France as much as

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he wanted. He had to resign before they would let him go. The same was true of Raymond Poincaré. Before the war, during the war, after the war, he held power without having it ever wrested from him. Now it appears to be M. Gaston Doumergue who is called to play such a rôle. He has the qualities which the average Frenchman demands in a statesman whom he will follow.

"Vive Gastounet!" cried the crowd upon his arrival in Paris. "Gastounet" is the diminutive of Gaston; it indicates the familiarity and sympathy which is felt for him by the populace. M. Gaston Doumergue is a thickset, little man, cheerfully smiling, amiable of manner, conciliatory, who nevertheless does not let himself be led where he does not want to go. Product of the people, he dislikes ostentation and excess in everything. It is for his good sense, his practical and cultivated spirit, his simple and democratic manners, coupled with a native and deep-rooted honesty, that the French people have adopted "Gastounet." These people detest pomp, dislike haughty manners and the so-called "big" projects which always lead to some fiasco for which they, the people, have to pay, sooner or later, with their money or their blood. The Frenchman is not for a new Louis XIV; he prefers a "Gastounet." I believe that if Bonaparte, with all his genius, should reappear, to him would be preferred Briand for the times when the latter lived. The nation is without illusions about military laurels; it wishes to cultivate its fields, drink its wine and enjoy, in security, the amenities of civilization and of peace. Short of an invasion of their country—when of course all the parties would become but a single bloc—the French peasant and bourgeois would rather employ their old combative spirit of the barricades, to chase away prevaricators, charlatans, and to reform the State. Let us realize that my people are patient and resist extremes when they are put afoot. Now the everlasting quarrels of political parties annoy them; symptoms of corruption have enraged them; and the taxes, always being increased, have become insupportable. Here lies the true danger to the present order. It should, to survive, tighten up its budget.

The republic is in the blood of the people. We of course have in our midst some Royalists; but one should have room for a little of everything. Those who are trying to peddle this decrepit thing, however, have not much of a market. An American lady who lives in Paris said to me, "To make Royalist propaganda in France is to try to sell umbrellas in a country where it does not rain." Fascism is hated. The only real danger that the republic has to face is that it is almost impossible for it to defend itself for long by violence if serious riots threaten it. This weakness is also its strength. While the oak of imperialism is uprooted by the hurricane—remember the fable of Lafontaine—the reed of democracy bends and does not break. This is why, we have well seen, M. Daladier, in spite of his fine qualities, his courage, the esteem that is felt for his career, preferred to yield before the storm rather than to resist. It was repugnant to this patriot to spill the blood of his fellow citizens. Who would not praise him? The republic represents the people; she cannot have hired assassins. In case the republic became really unpopular, there would be the risk that the police would side with the malcontents, for the police come from the ranks of the people. The same is true of the troops: they are not professional soldiers; our young men pass but a little time under arms and are as a whole nothing more than the people themselves armed.

So the republic has every reason not to brave a revolution, a real one, but rather to make concessions when it realizes that it is the people, the real people of France (not the Royalists, or the Communists, or the professional trouble-makers) who are determined to impose their will. Louis XVI fell by reason of his weakness, which truly was one, for his régime was by tradition a régime of absolute authority. In compensation, the republic in yielding does not in fact manifest weakness. It is acting in accordance with its very reason for being, which is to express the general will. It cannot logically imitate Fascism, in suppressing the papers which attack it unjustly, or even those papers which excite the people to riot. In so doing it would be going against its principles and killing itself morally. It can only conquer (as it has just conquered) in recognizing what is reasonable in the popular discontent and in satisfying it by a new political program. It called on M. Gaston Doumergue, former President of the republic, to undo the Gordian knot. And the rioters thereupon no longer fought the police. They went to the station to cry, "Vive Gastounet!"

The final conclusion which one has a right to draw from these days of revolution is that the Republic of France will have lost nothing by the crisis. Naturally one should regret the destructions of the popular storm; but sometimes the storm also does some good. It sweeps away dust, carries away mud and waste. Political régimes are human; they conform to the laws of evolution. They must reform themselves, progress or die. "Everything new, everything bright," says a proverb. The republic has taken on years; it should renew itself to remain beautiful. The happy times of spontaneous growth have passed. It is necessary to regulate and improve the machinery that heretofore went along by itself. The republic should maintain liberty while repudiating license. It should, in just measure, impregnate itself with order and with a certain austerity.

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Without virtue, Montesquieu has said, democracies perish. In order not to degenerate into demagogueries and disappear, they should be faithful to divine law, conform to the voice of conscience and put themselves, in the interest of the country, above parties. Without this, the people themselves will call them back to order. There is in democracies the instinct to make the necessary internal reforms. In any case, it is not governments that rule by persecution and despotism that will prepare the coming of a new society in which the principles of Christianity will be observed. Justice and charity are required of nations as of individuals in order to establish some day those United States of Europe, dreamed of by Aristide Briand, which themselves will be a democracy, a great pacific democracy, a super-democracy of nations.

CHOOSING YOUR FARM

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

IN THE matter of choosing a small general purpose farm, there are of course a great many things to be considered and first of all comes soil fertility. Many are led into the error of thinking that deep black soft loam is necessarily rich in nitrogen and the other essential elements of plant growth, but this is not by any means always the case.

Such loam, even though originally fertile and productive, when once it has been exhausted is the most difficult and expensive to bring back to a state of fertility again, though still retaining to all outward appearances its original condition. Black swamp loam or muck, when first cleared and drained, may prove exceedingly valuable or practically worthless, depending on what elements it is composed of and also on what may happen to lie beneath. Reeds, bull rushes, etc., growing and decaying half-submerged year after year, leave a deposit which of itself is of very little value, but when, as sometimes happens, it has been mixed century after century with fallen hardwood leaves and rotten wood together with the droppings from heron and other wild fowl roosts and waste fish and mussel shells, it is almost priceless. It can be drained and planted where it lies, or, if this is not practicable, hauled off and applied as dressing on lighter upland soil, after having been piled in heaps and dried and rotted for a few seasons; but only chemical analysis or practicable experiment may be relied on to determine in which of these two classes the product of any drained swamp or meadow may belong.

Stiff clay soil is hard to work and cold and backward to start in the spring and, while too wet in a season of abundant rainfall, it is worse still in extreme drought, for it cracks and dries into brickbats and fails to respond to light rainfall which will resuscitate lighter soil, at least temporarily. Yet it has at least one advantage: that of being extremely economical of fertilizer, either barnyard dressing, commercial phosphate, nitrate of soda, ashes or lime or green crop plowed under.

Light sandy loam, if reaching down to any depth, is wasteful of fertilizer though quick to respond to it, and on a well drained slope is best of all for early planted crops.

The best all-around land is a combination of the three: light mellow loam with enough decayed vegetable matter combined with weather disintegrated granite and sandy shale and overlaying a stiff clay sub-soil.

The ideal farm for general home and market supplies should have at least some portion of southern slope for early garden, and a much wider area of northern slope for corn and hay and such other crops as make their best growth during the early summer. A southern hillside, though best for early planted crops, is during the long days of midsummer still in the shadow, while the northern slope is getting the benefit of the early and late morning and evening sun rays; for between the last of May and the first of August the sun rises in the northeast and sets in the northwest.

It is undoubtedly owing to our longer summer days here in the Northern states that the yield of corn per acre is so much heavier in the North than in the South. New England leads in the yield of corn per acre, but this is probably due in part to the fact that our smaller fields get much more intensive cultivation. The number of working hours required for raising a hundred bushels of corn, if it were figured out for the various portions of the corn belt, would in all likelihood show but slight variation east and west.

The pasture should be divided about equally between high land and low, with an unfailing water supply and woods for shelter and browsing. Wherever the farm is adapted to it, the English method of alternating from field to pasture over periods of, say, half a dozen years is, I am convinced, superior to all others; for after land has been pastured for that length of time it will be found to be pretty thoroughly cleared of witch-grass and weeds of various sorts, including dock, whiteweed and charlock or wild mustard.

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This last is one of the worst pests known to the farmer. It is a single-stalked plant about two feet high with pale green leaves and sickly yellow blossoms at the top. Coming up here and there in the hay field it looks harmless enough and, being a species of slow growth, an increase may be kept out if every stalk is pulled up wherever it is sighted. But once a patch of it has become established, it increases faster and faster, filling the soil with its roots and seeds which drop right down instead of spreading abroad in the wind. Many of these seeds lie dormant in the ground for years, so that in any field that has once been overrun with it, every newly sown or planted crop has a desperate struggle for existence during the first few years of its growth. Cattle and sheep, however, feed on it during the whole of the pasturing season. But even after a half-dozen years of pasturing, when the land is once more turned up by the plow, those few seeds which have lain dormant under ground, sprout and start up their new growth, and these must be watched for and uprooted in order to avoid its getting possession of the land once more.

Witch-grass is completely killed by a very few years of pasturing. And as the labor of cultivating and hoeing is doubled or trebled wherever this species of grass has gained root hold, pasturing tremendously decreases the cost of raising any cultivated crop.

There are two sides to the question of the advisability of turning stock into the hay land at the end of the harvesting season. Both cows and sheep have a way of choosing the tenderest and most palatable forage and leaving the coarser sod unfed, and in this way newly sown hay and clover are more or less set back in their growth for the next season. On the other hand, all unmowed and neglected fence corners and wall sides are more or less trimmed of brush and vines by them, especially by the sheep who seem to prefer poison ivy and ragweed and milkweed to anything else within reach. Also the fact of getting the stock out of the pasture early in the fall guarantees earlier and better feeding ground there in the following pasturing season.

Twenty acres of mixed evergreen, birch and hardwood can be counted on to supply a farmhouse with fuel indefinitely. On my own farm there are about thirty acres of woodland and from this has been cut each year fifteen or twenty cords of firewood and, at a rough guess, three or four thousand board of feet of lumber; yet the woods have slowly increased in area and height of trees during my lifetime. Before coal began to be used in the countryside twenty cords of wood supplied the kitchen stove throughout the year, and heated one room all winter long, with rough chunks left over to be burned in the fireplace on chilly evenings during the spring and fall.

The fact that our Eastern forests diminished almost to the danger point before coal came into general use was not owing to its use on the farms, but to the hauling of ox-load after ox-load of mast timber to the navy yards all winter long, and later, when the railroads had become established, the loading of freight trains with cordwood to be marketed in every town and city. During the first epoch of that era the locomotives and steamships burned huge quantities of wood instead of coal and oil as they do now, while in back-country districts wide areas of forest were felled and, after drying for a season, were burned where they lay and the ashes were loaded into carts, hauled to the station and put onto the freight cars to be sent down to the farms and sold for fertilizer. I can remember seeing freight car after freight car unloaded by the farmers of my town. The only wonder is that the woods held out as long as they did.

The present woodland growth in the Eastern states could be depended upon, I think, if properly handled, to furnish lumber and fuel indefinitely; that is, of course, reckoning only one or two rooms warmed for each family during the winter. If the population of this country were evenly distributed over its entire area, they would average something like thirty to the square mile; leaving out the uninhabited portions would bring the number nearer to forty. This, curiously enough, is almost exactly the ratio in my native town, now and for several centuries past: say an eighth of a square mile for each family of four or five on an average. If this little town should be cut off from all the rest of the world tomorrow, its present inhabitants could go on indefinitely, living in reasonable comfort, or at any rate with all the chief necessities of life at their command, which is more than the average city population could look forward to doing under like circumstances for half a month's time.

Most New England farms still have their carpenter's or "joiner's" shop, with not infrequently something in the way of forge and anvil for iron work. In the days of my youth half the farms had their smithy, while three out of four had their cobbler's bench for making boots and shoes, and even today the wooden lasts and tools for this work, together with flax breaks, spinning-wheels, cards and sheep shears, are to be found hidden away in loft and attic. The workman moving with his family back to the neglected farm will find more or less opportunity to apply his skill along his own particular line, and will also be under the necessity of acquiring practise along almost every other line of workmanship. Carpentry, house painting, plumbing and repair and construction are all to be included in the way of farm work.

In localities where there happens to be a hillside spring above the house level, a few rods of

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piping laid below frost line will give a constant supply of fresh water. Where this is not feasible, wind power is the least expensive, though not by any manner of means always to be depended upon. I have a little hot air engine which for more than twenty years has pumped water from well and cistern to kitchen and bath-room at a cost of not more than $3 a year for the wood that is burned in it. Electric power, where available, is of course the most convenient and at the same time by far the most expensive method.

Not so very long ago there were three grist mills and five saw mills, all run by water power, within an hour's drive with the horse from my house. And this was true at that time of almost every country town in this section.

For farm buildings, the colonial style was not only the most decorative but also the most practical: the house with no unnecessary gables; one big central chimney and one kitchen chimney; only one door and very few windows on the north side; and the lower floors on the ground level without brick or stone underpinning above ground. One large room combining kitchen and dining-room connected with the wood-shed, and had pantry and scullery along the north side, with windows and door on the south side; the cook stove was in the end next the wood-shed, and the fireplace and dining table were in the other end.

The later nineteenth-century style, with stone underpinnings above ground and small kitchen separate from the dining-room, has some few advantages, but is wasteful of fuel and renders the cellar far less dependable for storing vegetables and fruit, for they are more liable to soften and sprout there during mild weather and freeze in extreme cold.

The typical New England farmhouse has its wood-shed, carpenter's shop, etc., connecting house and barn and shutting off the north wind from the front yard, an excellent arrangement in this latitude.

The "house by the side of the road" was ideal so long as the road had few cars passing by, but on the highway of heavy traffic it is Hobson's choice between enduring the racket of cars and trucks day and night or having to go to the expense and labor of keeping a long driveway between house and road passable through the winter and early spring. Probably the newcomer from the city would suffer less from the noise than would one born and brought up on the farm, but according to the latest medical verdict, even those who have become accustomed to it suffer more or less physical strain from the jarring sounds of which they believe themselves unconscious.

The problem of keeping your driveway clear is one which has grown steadily worse since the days of our ancestors. The forest growth surrounding the clearings in those early days checked the force of the snow drifting winds; and even after the woods were cleared away and the wind had full sweep across field and pasture, the wooden-runnered ox sled plunging through the drifts was all that was required, and the flat drag used after the snow had melted, smoothed and pressed hard any ruts that might have been made while the frost was thawing out of the ground. Then came the horse sled, pung and wagon, less serviceable in this way than ox sled and drag, but not nearly so bad as present-day traffic vehicles.

We could usually count on smooth, hard-packed snow in driveway and dooryard soon after the average snow storm was over, but the car, truck and snow plow now only make matters worse where the northwest gale has full sweep across their track. Each track they make throws up a little ridge beside it, and to leeward of this the snow drifts in. Time and again after the wind has held in the same point for several days and nights together, the snow along our driveway will lie a foot and a half deep, though averaging not more than five or six inches over the open field. A thick hedge or snow fence forty yards to windward and parallel with the driveway has great advantages under normal winter conditions; but the snow fence has yet to be tested here in our Eastern states, by those exceptional winters which come once or twice in a lifetime, when deep dry snow goes drifting before the gale for a fortnight or three weeks together.

The homestead shut in and surrounded by hills and evergreen woods also has great advantages in this way, but on the other hand is at a disadvantage in its shorter hours of daylight; for even though we may have electric light in house and barn, every extra minute of outdoor light counts on the farm during the short days of fall and winter as well as during the growing season.

The Rider

Arab riders, dark and remote,
Swathed in white,
Riding their mares through the glimmering desert
In the quiet of night,
Gazing at the sky from the solitude of their saddles
Named that faint star
At the crook of the Dipper, also the Rider,
Who rides Mizar.

Mizar is not hidden, it is a white mare
Easy to scan,
But above it the Rider goes muffled in darkness
Like a hunted man;
Only the eyes of men young and stalwart,
Fitted for war
Could trace among all the stars of the desert heavens
That secret star.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH.

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TOWARD MORNING

By FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

The night seemed as if it were never to be done.

"Miss Scoville."

"Yes, Father." The nurse was beside his bed in a second.

"Can you tell me. . . ." She had to bend very low to catch the question. "Is there a name to this place?"

"It's the Metropolitan Hospital, Father."

"Yes . . . I know that. I mean this hall. Has it a name?"

"We call it St. Lawrence Hall."

"Thank you." He sank back into his pillows.

"Are you comfortable, Father? Is there anything I can do?"

"No." His voice was very weak. "I'm quite comfortable, thank you."

The nurse went back to her reading under the shaded night-lamp. She was a serious young woman and she believed in improving her mind while on duty. She was reading "The Count of Monte Cristo." The Count was about to escape from the rocky fortress of d'If.

The priest closed his eyes. So he was to die under the egis of Saint Lawrence. He had thought of the saint often in these last weeks of gruelling fever, reminding himself that a burning fever was cool in comparison with Saint Lawrence's gridiron. And then he would think of the great river which bore his name and the thought of the waters seemed to cool the heat that raged through all his body. Yes, he was glad to die in a place that was under the protection of Saint Lawrence. He had always liked the story of how, when as deacon the saint was asked for an accounting of the treasures of his church, he brought forward the poor and the blind and the halt among whom he had divided all that the church had of value. That, to Father Sprague, was even more telling, perhaps, than his death on the gridiron.

Death was such a strange, strange thing. Here they all seemed to be so afraid of it. They were constantly trying to keep from him the gravity of his condition. They did not realize that he had been working for this moment for a long while now. Of course he wasn't satisfied with what he had got done. Who ever was? He hadn't expected the time to be so short. God was letting him off work early. He couldn't think why. Death was a privilege, really; a privilege he hadn't earned. He would have been glad to labor longer in the vineyard. It was only ten years since his ordination.

These had been spent almost entirely in the Alaskan missions. The doctors said he would have lasted much longer if he had come home earlier from those frozen wastes; in fact one doctor went so far as to say he would never have developed his disease at all if he had not exposed himself to the winds and weathers of the North. The priest smiled at the phrase "exposed himself." He had so wanted to be there.

In his imagination now he was back again on the dog sleds. His station had been at St. Michael's, right in from Bering Strait. Upon it all the pent-up fury of the Arctic gales burst with thundering drums. Snow and snow and snow. And so little sun. Shivering now under the hospital blankets with the chill of ebbing vitality, he rather hoped that there would be no snow at all in heaven; that the courts of God would be filled with everlasting sun; sun casting white shadows as it did in the South Seas. And he hoped there would be plenty of flowers and plants and green growing things. These he had missed in Alaska more than anything else. The northern summer was brief and on the whole unsatisfactory. He had lived in a little shingled hut and had tried to cultivate a garden outside his door. But there was not much use. The beans and the corn would grow, but they would not ripen.

He had lived mostly on fish. When he thought back over the last ten years they had seemed to be filled with fish. Fish lying frozen on the ice. Fish just caught, flapping on the wooden quai. The catch being dressed; being hauled to the canneries. Fish and fish and fish. Cold, slippery, clammy. Yet it was the living of himself and his little Eskimo flock. They drew their food from the water. The fish not only fed them; it lighted their igloos with oil, and they exchanged it for clothing. Their kyaks were forever out in the water, or in the ice, in search of salmon, halibut, seals and candlefish.

He himself was not much of a hand at cooking. Often in the winter when there was no fish, he would fry a dozen eggs at a time and eat them gradually as hunger overcame him, until there were no more left in the pan and he would have to fry another batch. Anyway, you couldn't spend very much time at the cook-stove when your parish was scattered over the ice-fields. There was no other priest within a radius of five hundred miles; none nearer than Nome which was across Norton Sound. Often he had to go on sick-calls

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which took him days and nights of mushing over the snowy wastes. For all the haste he made, time and again he would arrive too late because the summons also would have consumed days and nights of mushing.

He had thought of those sick-calls mostly in terms of stars. The stars up there had an impressive character. They seemed so large and so close and so many. They powdered the whole sky. Summer nights in Alaska were never entirely dark. The sky had always a lovely twilight quality. You felt that the stars had missed their cue and come out too early, while it was still light. He had loved June when the midnight sun was at its brightest. He had, in fact, loved it all. He had even loved January when the sky back of the stars was as black as polished ebony and the ice cracked like a pistol shot beneath your feet.

Often people asked him if he had not been afraid to take those long night journeys in winter. The huskies might so easily lose their way in the drifts. There was danger of ice-craters and hidden crevasses sucking one down to sudden death. He smiled. He hadn't been afraid.

He wondered if he would see some of his Indians soon now in the house of God. The loving couples he had married; the babies he had baptized; the old ones, worn out with hardship and the years, whom he had buried. These were his earthly family, the children of his ministry. Over them his ambition had yearned as the ambition of any real father; only his solicitude was to secure them a good inheritance not for life but for death.

But he had looked after their temporal needs too. That, in fact, had been the reason his superior had assigned for sending him East. His first-hand knowledge of the Arctic, his carefully kept notes on ethnology, would be invaluable in pleading the cause of the Eskimos. It was like the good man to make him feel useful and necessary up to the last. But Father Sprague knew he was giving him a chance to rest a little before the end and to die in his home city. Yet he would have been glad to die among his Eskimos. He had no home other than the altar of God and that was anywhere and everywhere. His mother was dead. His father was dead.

He turned his head restlessly on his pillow, thinking of those two and the far-away years. His father had been a scientist, a professor in anthropology. His mother was a holy woman who lived by the Church calendar, as they did in the rural province of England whence she came. She talked of Michaelmas instead of autumn, and she told her son fascinating stories of Saint Swithin and Saint Alban and the Venerable Bede.

She was always talking about spiritual truth; she knew little of science. And his father was always talking about scientific truth; he had no religion. It came to the boy suddenly that there must be two paths to truth, religion and science. Nothing that his father taught him about the natural order seemed to contradict what his mother taught him about the supernatural. She told him gravely that science need never take away his belief in God. So at the age of ten he had started out passionately to follow both paths to truth. He became interested in the formation of the earth, evolving of itself but through divine intelligence; he became interested in the peoples of the earth who were always to him God's creatures. To him his geology and ethnology explained the workings of God instead of denying them.

Those far-away years! He had studied hard. But as his scholarly interest had broadened to embrace all peoples, his priestly interest narrowed down to one people, the Eskimos, and then to the little group which made up his parish; even to one hungry mouth or one troubled heart.

Now he who had so often administered the last sacraments was himself dying. Of that there could be no doubt. At eleven o'clock he had received the Viaticum, the heavenly Bread to nourish him on the journey with the Dark Angel. He wondered what it would be like, that journey. Would it be like the journeys of his ministry, over seemingly unending wastes of earth and sky? Over clouds and sky-fields? And where would one at last find God? He wished he might go soon now. He felt suddenly incredibly tired. It was as if his heart scarcely beat at all.

Before his dazed eyes stars seemed to be bursting. It was the sort of thing that often happened in snow-blindness. Countless times he had had the sensation as he had padded along on snowshoes over the frozen miles. The sun, of which there was all too little in that boreal country, was most magnificent when it shone in bitter brightness on the intensely white world of the North. But it was too dazzling for frail earthly eyes. It blinded you like the glory of God.

Once he had seen the sun shining on a glacier when he had first traveled up the inside waterroute to the Bering Strait. The snow-capped mountains pressed in on both sides of the channel and the glacier lay suddenly ahead, a living wall of ice. It was a vertical slide of perhaps a hundred feet or more dropping from the glacial plain at the top of the mountain to the water's edge. Being not a "dead" but a "live" glacier, it had scarcely any of the usual moraine of loose dirt and stones. It had the strange green-blue clarity which is the characteristic of glacial waters. Invaded by the breath of that tremendous ice-field the temperature dropped as precipitously as the glacier. The July day took on the sharp cold

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smell of December. The sea at the base of the slide was filled with huge ice-floes hacked off by the axe of time from the solid face of the glacier. Of an intolerable whiteness these stood out of the water, as icebergs will, in strange serried rows like tombstones, as if they were marking the last resting place, perhaps, of some long-vanished race of ice-people.

Among the blocks of floating ice an enormous amount of white foam had been frothed up in the blue water. Over them rose the blue mountains capped with white snow, and above the peaks of these heaped up clouds made a second mountain range in the sky. Because of a certain identity of blueness and whiteness, the scene seemed to have no reality. There was no sea-line, no sky-line; no heaven, no earth. The ice-floes were mountains in the water, the clouds were mountains in the sky, and between the two were the actual mountains which looked less real than the two illusive ranges. It was a fantastic universe, an artist's conception of the *Paradiso* etched frettily in space.

Everywhere there were sea-gulls, wheeling and circling, circling and wheeling, but they were singularly quiet. Everything was deathly still, as if overcome by the sublime. One gull rode an ice-floe, quietly, as if it were made out of ice, a carved *decor,* symbolic of the soaring spirit. Father Sprague felt as he watched it all that probably never again would the same atmospheric conditions occur to re-create quite the same pattern. He imagined that this was as near as anything on earth could approach to heaven.

But just then the sun, which had been shining only mistily through carded clouds, burst suddenly into unshuttered brillance. It caught the white of the heaped-up clouds and the white of the snow on the mountain tops and the white of the foam of the water and the white of the wings of the birds and made them refulgent. And he had been struck blind by the glory.

The remembered beauty of that scene came crowding into his mind now, crowding out everything except itself. The bursting of the stars of light before his eyes was growing faster and faster and more radiant. He saw only dazzling pin-wheels. Then suddenly he realized that he could no longer see at all. Everything was dark. He lay very still. That was the way of it; human sight is too weak to bear the enormous shining of God. As the eyes of the body fail, you have to wait for the eyes of the soul to grow stronger. Soon . . . soon now . . . the darkness would dissolve. . . .

The nurse heard only a sudden cry: "My Lord and my God!" Her book dropped to the floor as she sprang to the bed crushing pearls of amyl nitrate to hold to the priest's nose and mouth.

THE NAVY OF THE POPES

By J. THOMAS CORCORAN

AFTER all, need there be anything very queer about the fact that the successors of Peter the Fisherman had, as had the first Pope, an interest in ships and the sea? Undoubtedly, though, many folks will be astonished to learn that the Popes have had a navy: a navy, too, with a history extending back to the eighth century and ending only a little before the nineteen hundreds.

Early in this history the baleful light of the crescent fell athwart papal sails. Midway of the ninth century ships of the Papal League with the blessing of Leo IV upon them sailed out to fend from Rome a threatening Saracen fleet. Under the command of Cesario Console the Christian galleys defeated the infidels just off the coast of Ostia. The churning waters, the shock of galley against galley, and the glint of flashing steel have been caught by Raphael's brush in a painting of this battle on a wall of the Vatican. Ensuing years found the infidels returning again and again to the attack; at times the Mediterranean seemed by some devil's spell to have become a Saracen sea. Always, however, there were papal galleys to repulse the infidels. Two notable victories were gained by the Christians in 877 and 1016.

Something less warlike enters into the history after this last sea engagement. To facilitate the handling of maritime affairs, Gregory VII with the aid of Pisan jurists drew up a set of laws. In 1130 this code was adopted definitively and expanded by Honorius II. About this time there came into being a number of religious-naval-military orders: the Knights of Rhodes, the Knights of Cyprus and the Knights of Malta.

The fifteenth century shows the scene of naval battles with the Turks changing from the Mediterranean to the Aegean Sea. In the second quarter of this century Eugene IV sent ships to Rhodes; and later Nicholas V ordered ten ships to go to the aid of Constantinople against Mohammed II. Neither of these expeditions met with success. Strange to relate, in the face of all this sea-going activity, the naval forces were not fully organized into the papal navy until the time of Callixtus III. His fleet of sixteen fighting vessels in collaboration with other Christian galleys gained frequent victories over the infidels.

When Pius II, as successor to Callixtus, came to the Chair of Peter, the crusading spirit had burned low among the kings of Europe. Undaunted by their apathy, he set out for Ancona whence he intended to embark as the leader of the land and sea forces of Christendom. Pius II had departed from Rome a sick man. In 1464 he went from the port of Ancona, not to Palestine, but to a land that lies beyond the seas of this life. Eight years later Sixtus IV boarded a magnificent ship at Rome, glided down the Tiber to St. Paul's outside the walls, and there solemnly blessed a fleet of twenty-four galleys. With Oliviero Carafa in command, the papal ships went down to the sea where they joined Venetian and Neapolitan vessels to form a squadron of more than a hundred

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ships. To Smyrna they sailed, and wrested that city from the Saracens.

Perhaps the most brilliant page in papal maritime history was written on October 7, 1571, at the battle of Lepanto. One can hardly read the name without thinking at once of that "foreshortened epic, rich with lines that are lyrics in themselves, . . . made of haunting battle music through which runs a prayer," which is Chesterton's story of this great sea-fight and which probably is G.K.C.'s surest claim to literary immortality. But to return to the battle itself. The advantage in numbers was with the forces of Mohammed, but the Christians had better boats and better discipline. The general command of the Christian fleet was in the hands of the gallant Don John of Austria. There were ships of Venice, Spain and the Papal States. Long, bloody and furious was the battle; but in the end the superior seamanship of the Christians, by the grace of God, prevailed. When Don John of Austria burst the Saracen battle line, the naval power of the Turks was broken beyond repair. The Mohammedans entered the combat with 300 ships; of these, 107 were destroyed and 130 captured. Ali, their admiral, was killed. The Christians lost 8,000 men, the Turks 20,000. Full of musical sound are the names of the papal navy's principal ships: Fano, Grifona, Soprana, Reina, Padrona, Serena, Santa Maria, Pisana, San Giovanni, Toscana, Fiorenza, Vittoria.

Before Innocent X became Pope in 1644, there was little ship-building in the papal domain. He it was who gave impetus to the trade's development at home by making a shipyard at Civitavecchia. This same city was chosen by Alexander VII as the site of an arsenal.

During Alexander's reign a papal galley made a trip from Rome to Marseilles with a most interesting passenger aboard. She was the convert daughter of the doughty Gustavus Adolphus, Christina, the former Queen of Sweden. It is interesting to conjecture whether this unconventional person, as learned as she was tomboyish, startled the crew by wearing men's clothing, climbing the ship's rigging, or whether this generous, courageous, hard-~~fitting~~ riding lady traveled the seas with the decorum—barring sea-sickness—of any ordinary traveler.

The Turks became troublesome again in 1669 and Clement IX sent ships to Zenta where, aided by Venetians, the papal sailors defeated the infidels. After this battle the navy had little battling to do, except for desultory skirmishes with pirates along the Italian coast. During this period nautical science was advanced through the efforts of two officers of the papal navy. Bartolomeo Crescenzio, navigator and cosmographer, published his "La Nautica del Mediterraneo" about this time; and in 1614 Pantero Pantera, a captain of pontifical galleys, compiled one of the first books of nautical instruction.

To take care of an increase in shipping, Innocent XII built in 1697 a landing place, a custom house, and freight depots on the right bank of the Tiber; the port of ancient Rome had been on the left side. Not until 1800 was the new port completed by a dockyard. Here at Porto di Ripagrande, Pius VII built a turret and lighthouse in 1814. Further improvements were made under Gregory XVI.

Papal ships on their way from the Tiber to the sea passed through the canal of Fiumicino. The construction of this canal was begun near the year 1570 by Gregory XIII and was completed early in the seventeenth century during the reign of Paul V. Some improvements were necessary in 1840 to fit the canal for more modern navigation. This work was undertaken by Alexander Cialdi, honorary head of the pontifical navy, a man well versed in nautical science. The improved canal was completed in 1843.

Returning to the ships themselves, France very early in the nineteenth century had been responsible for scattering what remained of the papal navy. Queerly, a wee bit later France helped Pius VII begin a new navy by giving him the ships, San Pietro and San Paolo. By 1868 this humble beginning had grown to thirteen ships. Among them were two steam launches, seven sailing Coast Guard boats, two steamers of thirty horsepower with two mortars apiece, the San Pietro of forty horsepower and carrying two guns, and most important of all, the Immacolata Concezione, the flag-ship.

The flag-ship was a gift of the Catholics of England to Pope Pius IX. It was fitted to act either as a fighting ship or as a yacht. Eight eighteen-pounder guns were carried by this vessel of 627 tons. Less warlike was the boat below decks, where it was fitted out with velvet and gilt. In 1859 the Immacolata Concezione arrived in Rome, and eleven years later when temporal sovereignty was taken from the Pope his flag-ship passed into foreign hands.

Enough has been said about the glamorous part of the papal navy. Now for some remarks about the more prosaic merchant marine. In 1840 there were in the Tyrrhenian and Adriatic seas over seventy large merchantmen, some smaller ships, and a large number of fishing smacks; all of these something-more-than-300 boats were flying the papal flag. Statistics of the pontifical ministry of commerce and public works show that in 1852 there were in the merchant marine 1,852 ships, no less, with a total tonnage of 32,000 tons. To handle these ships 9,400 men were required. Some idea of the volume of shipping that passed through ports of the Papal States can be gained by remembering that at Ripagrande alone 70,000 tons were handled in 1851. At the same port and during the same year 752 ships landed.

A few years ago Alberto Tajani stated in the *Osservatore Romano* that the third steamship to puff its way through the waters of the Mediterranean flew the papal flag. Regular steamship service on the Tiber was introduced by Cialdi in 1842. The inauguration of this service was a gala occasion. When the three steamships, Archimede, Blasco da Garay, and Papin, arrived at Rome from London thousands greeted them and applauded as only an Italian crowd can. Perhaps by 1850, when steamboat service was extended to the upper Tiber, the new and curious ships of the Pope no longer drew cheering groups of people. An *opificio meccanico*—or shall one say "factory"?—was built at the same time that docks were

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built at Porto Portese, and there the Blasco da Garay had its hulk enlarged in 1855. That year saw the Archimede, Blasco da Garay, Papin, Roma, San Giovanni and Tevere steaming regularly up and down the Tiber. A circular appeared in 1863 praising and eulogizing in pompous fashion the captains of the steamboats.

The end of papal navy history was near in 1869 when the monopoly of navigation and freighting on the Tiber was surrendered to the Welby Company. A year later the Pope lost his temporal power and the papal navy was no more.

A FAMOUS NOVENA

By EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE

THE GREAT tide of prayer in honor of Saint Francis Xavier, coming with the tender blossoming of early spring, is but his due. For this stalwart Apostle of the Indies is one of God's greatest saints. After his death on the wretched island of Sancian off the coast of China, his body became an instrument of miracle. When it was borne through the hot streets of Malacca pestilence disappeared and, touched by lepers, the blind, the deaf and the lame, it radiated cure. Surely he deserves the annual nine days of tribute, from March 4 to March 12, which the Novena of Grace brings to his altars all over the world. And in all amiability he excuses the personal motives animating the novena and crowding out purer promptings of the heart which would render homage to the saint without soliciting favors; for Francis himself, in radiant robe of vision, suggested this cycle of petitioning prayer to Father Marcellus Mastrilli, an Italian Jesuit, martyr to the Faith in Japan, whose name and memory is usually eclipsed by the greater glories of Xavier. Because of its efficacy, its deluge of favors upon a weary world, it has been phrased the "Novena of Grace."

All honor to the Saint of the Indies who thus exerts himself on behalf of pleading millions whose voices, steady with confidence, have learned to love the very rhythm of the novena prayer beginning, "Most lovable and loving Saint Francis Xavier." Yet a note of courtesy in passing is due Father Mastrilli, really the collaborator and scribe of Xavier. Not only did he receive the commission to propagate the novena from Xavier, come to his bedside to miraculously bestow healing, but he composed the prayer that in nine refrains never fails to catch the ear of the saint. The entrusted Father frequently received dictation from the lips of Xavier in vision. While the white radiance surrounding the vision of Xavier, garbed in pilgrim brown, gave ghostly outline to his swiftly moving hand and pen, Father Mastrilli transcribed the "Prayer for Martyrdom": "I earnestly implore the grace of shedding my blood for Thee, a grace which the Apostle of the Indies, Francis Xavier, after all his labors, did not obtain." This martyrdom was to be the destiny of Father Mastrilli.

A decade's dwelling among the shining company of the saints had proved Francis Xavier one of the busiest stewards of miracle, when in December, 1633, the Viceroy of Naples decided to solemnize elaborately the fair feast of Our Lady, the Immaculate Conception. He appealed to the young and energetic Jesuit, Father Mastrilli, to supervise the decorating of the royal church and to add his own deft touches to the embellishment of the altar. The priest, eager to adorn the altar with special linens and precious laces in loving homage to Mary, repaired to the church and to his task. As he worked around the tabernacle a heavy hammer slid from the hand of a workman repairing the dome, struck Father Mastrilli on the temple and felled him. For a few days he tarried between life and death, but his physicians, the most skilled the Viceroy could summon, gradually despaired as the young heart seemed to beat slower and slower. Then, without warning, the eyes of the dying priest became suddenly clear and lingered on a strange unbidden visitor to the sick-room, Francis Xavier wrapt in the filmy trappings of visions. In gentle voice the saint reminded Father Mastrilli of his promise, made years before, of some day joining the mission in India and asked him to renew that promise and act upon it.

The saint then confided to the priest that "all who would earnestly ask his intercession with God for nine days in honor of his canonization would infallibly experience the effect of his great power in heaven and would receive whatever they asked that would contribute to their salvation." Thus was laid the corner-stone upon which was to rise that great structure of prayer, the Novena of Grace, always in the process of erection while there are hearts in need.

With departing gesture Xavier withdrew. The feverish Mastrilli roused himself in bed. Before the astonished doctors could pinion his hands he ripped off the bandages swathing his head, felt for the ugly wound of which he could find no trace and stood upon his feet, completely cured.

Father Mastrilli later composed the prayer of the novena to Saint Francis and circulated the devotion so diligently during the following four years of life, destined to be his last, that Xavier, although he died a castaway, homeless and friendless, soon became known and loved and venerated by thousands for his mighty powers of intercession with the Almighty.

The miraculous cure of Father Mastrilli was but the perfecting of a pattern which the saint seemed to have imposed upon the life of the martyr-priest. His close, almost tangible guidance, appearing to Father Mastrilli many times in pilgrim cloak as if encouraging him to pursue missionary travel, forcing the formula of martyrdom upon his lips in prayer, saving him from danger and death by a succession of miracles through all his labors in Europe and in hostile India, would point to but one design—Xavier's determination to see Father Mastrilli win the martyr's crown that he himself had so coveted.

Before the Italian Jesuit left Goa, India, where he slaved for the sullen soul of the heathen, and on his way to the mission in Japan, where his very first step upon the soil, concluding Xavier's heroic plans for him, led to the horrible pit of martyrdom, he procured the magnificent tomb wherein today lies the body of Saint Francis

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in the Church of Bom Gesu in Goa. For years Father Mastrilli acted the mendicant in devotion to his saint and guide, soliciting alms for the purchase of this beautiful memorial. Eighty years after the first interment at Goa, the wonder-working body of Francis was transferred to the new tomb. Few saints have been honored in death with so gorgeous a shrine as that provided the great apostle by the humble hand of a fellow missioner and loving son. The tomb is a massive sculpture in silver, richly embossed, radiant with gold embroidery, jewels and enamels, and mounted with statues. The cover, shaped like a crown, is a grand piece by itself. A canopy, supported by graceful columns, lends a kingliness to the lowly man of Christ asleep eternally beneath it.

Father Mastrilli's death was really an atoning act. In 1634 a Jesuit in Japan, Father Ferara, at one time a provincial, deserted his vows and thus drew scandal upon the Society of Jesus, every member of which yearned to obliterate the stigma of apostacy with his own blood if necessary. Father Mastrilli was the first redeeming martyr. In 1637, by imperial edict against religion, no one dared enter the city of Nagasaki without first treading upon the cross in the dust; but Father Mastrilli dared to enter, embracing the cross. He was quickly arrested and paraded through the streets with this scoffing placard swinging from his back: "This madman has come to preach a foreign religion in spite of the emperor's edict. Come and look at him. He is to die in the pit." For four days he hung, a human pendulum, over a poisonous fuming abyss; then, as the despicable Ferara stood silently by, the body of Father Mastrilli was dragged up and the head severed.

Sponsored by a saint, propagated by a martyr, small wonder that the Novena of Grace is key to the treasures of heaven!

Japanese Forms

(*Three Tanka on Prayer*)

I. Pou Sto

This is that *pou sto*
Which Archimedes sought for,
Whence, at faith's slight touch,
The gross bulk of earth yields—stirs—
Thistle-light, a child's balloon.

II. Miracle

This thing have I seen—
Toppling waves of fate and doom
Pause at crest—turn—flee,
Seeking an opposite shore,
Port of all my argosies.

III. Flood Tide

In its shoal waters
I have ventured, confident,
But to find myself
Buoyed, tossed, swept away, submerged
By that ocean which is God.

SISTER M. ANGELITA.

COMMUNICATIONS

PATRIOTISM LTD.

Brookline, Mass.

TO the Editor: "Nobody is encouraged to inquire what goes on inside an armament factory. Armament making is as completely secret as anything in the modern world. From the secret collection of orders by secret agents disbursing secret bribes to the secret loading of steamers bound for secret destinations, the entire arms manufacture and traffic is mysterious and impenetrable." Thus the opening paragraph of the pamphlet, "Patriotism Ltd.," just issued by the Union of Democratic Control, London, a companion to the one published a year ago entitled "The Secret International." The new pamphlet, like the former, exposes the vicious intrigues and lawlessness of the armament and munitions industries.

The facts told in this brochure are unbelievable though true! It describes the rearmament of Germany; reveals secrets of war research work; exposes gun-running in Central Europe; tells the story of the greatest arms scandal since the war; shows the activities and the profits of the armament industry during the Disarmament Conference. In the first chapter is a section devoted to disclosing how the key-position in the present administration is held by Thyssen, the great iron magnate of the Ruhr who has been cooperating with the Hitler government.

Subsequent chapters are entitled "Gun-Running in Central Europe," "The Skoda Scandal," "Perfecting Death," "The Science of Murder" and "The Proof of the Profits." Each deals factually and convincingly with the various subjects discussed in it. It is no strain on the imagination to realize that these make reading of the most absorbing interest.

Then comes the Conclusion, from which I cannot forbear quoting: "In the preceding chapters we have shown how the world is arming for war; we have described the methods employed by armaments manufacturers, their intimate relationships with governments, and the intensified research now being conducted into methods for perfecting the war machine. We have shown how during the period of almost universal depression, the manufacturers of war materials are enjoying a period of prosperity and planning ahead for still better times to come. We have seen how they have profited from the imperialist wars in the Far East and in South America and from increased preparations for war in Europe. . . .

"The most striking and important regrouping of European nations has followed the triumph of Hitler in Germany. Fascism—the extreme form of organized nationalism—threatens war wherever it develops, and Hitlerism today is a menace to every country on its frontiers. Many people today believe that a preventive war against Germany in the near future before she can become a first-class military nation is a probability.

"Such a situation produces an atmosphere ideally suited to the interests of Patriotism Ltd., which under various high-sounding slogans prepares people's minds for war, in the press, on the platform, on the screen, and in the military displays for which 1933 is a record year."

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The Appendix concludes the booklet and gives an account of the Briey scandal. While France and Germany were fighting to the death, a certain Frenchman, M. Giraud-Jordan, was keeping in touch with Germany and Austrian financiers and supplying Germany with materials needed for her munitions supply! "The continuation of the war was made possible by the agreement between German and French arms manufacturers because both sides were able to make colossal profits." Verily, profits have no fatherland!

Everyone whose ideal of patriotism is endeavoring to safeguard his country's security and insure and enhance its prosperity should acquire the information presented in this remarkable brochure of sixty-four pages. Then, indeed, and not till then, will he know what will enable him to form an opinion clear and unbiased as to the one and only way by which war can be abolished and his land—and others—can secure and maintain prosperity and lasting peace.

Copies of this pamphlet can be obtained from the War Resisters League, 171 West 12th Street, New York City. Price $.20 postpaid.

LYDIA G. WENTWORTH.

COLLEGE AND POLITICS

Webster Groves, Mo.

TO the Editor: A recent article entitled "College Men and Politics," by Dr. H. W. Dodds, President of Princeton University, in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* Sunday Magazine, January 21, 1934, is worthy of comment.

In the broad program of the national government, calling for the utilization of every human, civil, economic and spiritual power, there seem to be two points demanding emphasis, one calling forth the obligation of the college to public life and the other developing the recognition of college values by the leaders of public life.

In many ways the American college today is cooperating in the recovery program, not merely through the presentation of college graduates, nor in the adoption of courses teaching certain phases of the economic life of the country, but in a steady spirit of whole-hearted willingness to share the burdens of the present.

In addition to the above contributions, I would suggest a program of lectures to be given by college professors and by men active in public life, on subjects of popular appeal, for the benefit of college students and for the citizens of the community. Both the academic phases and the practical angles should be stressed in such courses. It would also be well to send more members of the faculty and administrative officials of the colleges to act in an advisory capacity, or in an active way with the various governmental agencies.

The value of a college training in the arts and sciences should be emphasized more than ever, and this responsibility rests primarily on the college itself. The elementary training in the first year, or the first two years, or even through the entire four years of college, should be taken for granted and young men should be encouraged to continue their college training for a sufficient length of time before entering such fields of public service.

The public, both in a national and in a local way, have made excellent provision for the relief of the unemployed, as far as the problem affects the heads of families, those on the relief rolls, and others including those who are physically or mentally unable to work. The young college man, however, particularly the young man without dependents, has been overlooked in this nation-wide program. The number of unemployed college graduates, and men with a year or more of college training is enormous, and is increasing every day. These men who are to be the leaders of the future, should be given very definite and practical consideration right now.

Another problem that could be better solved by the public is the lack of recognition of the principle that a broad liberal education, plus training and experience in a special field, will be to the advantage of the country. No longer can we look forward to leaders who will be able to administrate over all the various fields of public life, if those leaders be merely trained in one of the many fields of activity, such as public health, engineering, commerce, education, banking, medicine, dentistry and law. The public should be acquainted with the college-trained man who is not merely a specialist in his particular field but is also an individual, broad enough in experience and education to coordinate all of the various channels of public activity into a unified whole.

One other fact that should be familiar to the man of public affairs is the necessity of overcoming the ruthless spoils system and abolishing public corruption. In this responsibility would it not be to the advantage of American public life to utilize the talents of our college graduates and thereby raise to a higher level the field of public service? We would thereby have a new spirit of service, new blood, and a new deal.

Both the nation and the college must recognize this tremendous responsibility and meet it squarely very soon, for otherwise a great asset will be lost and it will take many years to replace the large number of unemployed college men without dependents, and who are willing to make every sacrifice in their efforts to obtain work and to contribute to public service.

GEORGE F. DONOVAN,
President, Webster College.

BRYANITES AND BONDHOLDERS

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editor: "The expansion of the volume of trade provides its own purchasing power," writes Professor George K. McCabe, in "Bryanites and Bondholders," in THE COMMONWEAL for March 2. If this truism were generally recognized there would never be another "cyclical" depression.

It is, however, necessary to teach that the rate of expansion of trade is limited to the amount of new capital equipment that can be used by an increasing population. Capital cannot be profitably increased without a sufficient increase in population to enable its full utilization.

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Some may see the connection between the foregoing and the recent statement by J. Maynard Keynes: "Britain and the United States would, if they were to return to full employment of their resources, save sums so vast that they could not possibly be invested to yield anything approaching 3½ percent. No one can foretell at what point the rate of interest will reach its equilibrium level, but it is highly probable that the equilibrium rate for long-term, gilt-edged issues is not above 2½ percent and may be appreciably less."

The rate of true interest and the rate of expansion of trade must be equal, and both are dependent upon the rate of increase in population, which in this country is now less than 2 percent. This means that before we can have permanent prosperity, the rate of interest paid by savings banks and like institutions must be no greater than 2 percent. It is not the big bankers who are the cause of this and all other cyclical depressions, but the small bank depositors who have an intense greed for their 4 percent rate of interest.

Monsignor John A. Ryan suggests the cure of our economic misery in a few words, when he says: "If the share of labor is to be larger, the rate of interest received by capital will have to be smaller."

While the present administration has been pointing toward a reduction in the rate of interest, every step it has taken has been in the opposite direction, which is on a par with its attempting, in the words of Professor McCabe, "the impossibility of boosting prices by the expedient of raising the price of gold," which ought to make known to the public that Professors Warren and Fisher and Father Coughlin have been leading us astray.

Of course, increased prices are antagonistic to "profit-making." It is increased volume of business at reduced price that makes for gain. The automobile industry under the pioneering of Henry Ford has shown the way.

M. P. CONNERY.

THE UNION PROGRAM IS OBSOLETE

Butte, Mont.

TO the Editor: In THE COMMONWEAL of February 23 Mr. Rawson Wood has written an interesting argument that the union program is obsolete. The argument fails to convince me because of a confusion between the "program" and the "policies."

The program properly so-called of trades-unionism has been and is, I believe, a body of principles asserting social justice for the workingmen: in brief, a dependable livelihood, decent conditions for working and living, and a just share in the profits of enterprise—all to be secured and maintained through common action by a general union of workingmen. It is obvious that various policies could be devised in order to bring this program into practical realization. The principal policies selected, however, were these two: an increase of wages and a decrease of hours.

Now, Mr. Wood has demonstrated in a telling analysis that, if universally enforced, the policy of increasing wages will fail to effect a real improvement for the workingman, while on the other hand it will impose a real hardship on the landowner and small investor and small capitalist. The latter is the problem of statesmen and not the leaders of unionism; the former is their legitimate concern, and they would do well to ponder the failure conjectured for their policies by Mr. Wood. So long as there is any "play" in the real (as distinguished from the apparent) wage, the program of the union will represent an important element in the political, social and economic situation. The force of Mr. Wood's argument therefore seems rather to prove a proposition other than the one which stands at the head of his article. That proposition is that the union structure is obsolete. The present "horizontal" union structure should be replaced by "vertical" structures, so that labor can share its due proportion of profit and advantage in each individual industry. In consideration of this suggestion, Mr. Wood's first solution would be more practicable and less dangerous than he supposes, and social control applied to the wage-level could become a visible and open operation.

ANDREW CORRY.

TWO MINE FOREMEN

New Derry, Pa.

TO the Editor: May I add a word of congratulation to Mr. Robert Whitcomb for his word vignette of two places and two men, "Two Mine Foremen," an article that appeared in the February 16 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. Living forty miles northeast of Brownsville district in another soft coal region, I can indorse everything Mr. Whitcomb wrote as something realistic and true. He could change the names of the places and the names of the men to such names of places here as Peanut, Atlantic and Millwood Shaft and we would read a perfect description of our own locale.

In his article he thought the names of places in the Brownsville district to be nicknames such as Bobtown, Grindstone, Colonial. They are names given to the place descriptive of the coal, the management, or some incident impressive to the coal miners living in the place.

His article may educate many priests and professional men, subscribers to THE COMMONWEAL, to a social and industrial system of which they seem to be ignorant in their personal defense of the past government policy. Encyclicals of the Popes dealing with living wages, working conditions, contracts and social justice mean little to men living in the cities and enjoying every body comfort and luxury our modern age offers them. They argue that encyclicals are not practical—they offer no remedy to change the mind and temper of men, and conditions today are no worse than they have ever been.

Mr. Whitcomb's article read by any thinking person reveals the rottenness of the system and the men paid to advance it, but Mr. Whitcomb only hints of the deep underlying current of thought among the miners themselves to change all this.

Thanks for the magazine and many thanks for the article. Let us know the country in which we live or at least know our neighbors.

REV. RAY V. CONWAY.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

They Shall Not Die

THE THEATRE GUILD continues its season energetically with the production of John Wexley's "They Shall Not Die." Mr. Wexley is the author of that rather stirring prison play of a few seasons back, "The Last Mile," and also of a play about conditions in the steel mills which was tersely entitled "Steel." His powers as a dramatist are uneven, but he does have the ability to write fine individual scenes and to instill into them a fine quality of emotional strength. In the present play he has taken as his basic material the familiar story of the Scottsboro boys, Negroes whose trials and appeals have won national attention.

Mr. Wexley is distinctly the reportorial type of playwright. He likes to take situations as he finds them in real life, or as he has encountered them in personal experience, and translate them into dramatic form. For this reason he is always apt to be considered as a social propagandist and not as a creative artist. The important fact remains however that he handles his material with sincerity and force, and occasionally with fine dramatic power. In the matter of the Scottsboro boys he is obviously deeply stirred and determined through the medium of the theatre to appeal to the innermost conscience of the American people. There is certainly enough in the long and complicated history of the Scottsboro case to make the average citizen exceedingly uneasy. It has seemed at times in the course of the affair that the most sincere friends of these Negroes were the ones who were doing them the most harm. Mr. Wexley recognizes this very frankly through showing that the introduction into the case of a prominent Jewish lawyer from New York merely aggravated the sectional antagonism which had already been aroused to a fever heat.

I am in no position to pass on the accuracy with which Mr. Wexley has indicated the details of this affair. If we are to accept the version of the story as he brings it to the stage, the entire case against the boys was trumped up as a means to bring certain local political lawyers into prominence. A group of Negroes were accused of attacking two white girls on a freight train. The girls, themselves, made no such charge until they were made to see that their best chance of escaping a charge of vagrancy and of immoral conduct with certain white boys was to place the blame entirely upon the Negroes. So far as one can tell from newspaper accounts, this probably corresponds with the facts. At all events, at least one of the girls has recanted and admitted that she gave perjured testimony.

The great difficulty with a play of this sort is in separating one's feeling about the play from one's knowledge or one's prejudices concerning the actual facts. Those convinced that a grave injustice has been done the Negroes will naturally hail with great enthusiasm the fine dramatic display which Mr. Wexley has worked up of their side of the case. Others will admire Mr. Wexley's workmanship and zeal, and applaud his sincerity, and still be troubled by their own inner uncertainty about the truth. The material of the play naturally covers a great many disagreeable facts and includes much brutally frank statement which can only be justified in theatrical fare if the facts as presented are beyond the possibility of doubt.

From the purely dramatic viewpoint, Mr. Wexley has wandered from a very necessary unity in giving too much time and attention to the private story of one of the girls involved in the case. These scenes, although well drawn in themselves, are tinged with a certain obvious sentimentality, and break the tempo of the main story too abruptly for the good of the play as a whole. The play can really be considered only as a social document written in a mood of fine indignation and helped by some splendid acting on the part of Ruth Gordon as one of the girls and especially by Claude Rains as the New York attorney brought in by the defense for the second trial. (At the Royale Theatre.)

Dodsworth

SYDNEY HOWARD has done an extraordinarily expert job in dramatizing Sinclair Lewis's novel, "Dodsworth." He has avoided nearly all the pitfalls which surround the adapter of a novel to stage purposes and has managed in a series of brief and pungent scenes to catch the essentials of character and to reveal them in a dialogue of masterful brevity.

The story of "Dodsworth" is not a particularly sympathetic one. Samuel Dodsworth, a successful independent motor car manufacturer, sells out his interest, and after twenty years of married life, retires from all active business to wander through Europe with his wife in search of new values. His wife, "Fran" Dodsworth, who is fortunate enough to maintain much of her youthful charm, is approaching the dangerous age where she is unwilling to give up youth. The mixed society of European capitals goes to her head and she proceeds to have a series of affairs with personable but none too responsible men. Her utter selfishness, her complete inability to assign a true value to Dodsworth's patience and understanding, result in a final break up in which Dodsworth goes off to seek the comfort and companionship of an American widow living in Naples. By the usual method of exaggerating the selfishness and egoism of the wife, the sympathy of the audience is thrown entirely with Dodsworth, so that his decision to divorce his wife and marry the attractive widow wins the audience's hearty applause and constitutes apparently a "happy" ending.

However excellent the dramatized novel may be as a study of familiar character types, the theme of the play is obviously calculated to approve the idea of divorce and remarriage as a solution of one of the commoner problems of modern life. It is a case where one can readily admit the dramatic effectiveness of the characterization and scene construction without in any sense enjoying or approving the implications of the theme itself. Walter Huston does an admirable job in portraying the much harassed Dodsworth, and Fay Bainter is quite merciless in her exposition of the wife. (At the Shubert Theatre.)

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BOOKS

Doctor Angelicus

St. Thomas Aquinas—"The Dumb Ox," by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.00.

A BOOK from the pen of Chesterton if no longer an event is still notable. A volume on Aquinas even in the welter of tomes that have recently appeared is memorable. A work by Chesterton about Thomas may certainly not be ignored.

The prefatory note says that we are reading a "popular sketch of a great character." That denomination seems a bit pretentious or at very least inaccurate, for it proves to be rather a series of essays, well chosen, well written, but with no apparent continuity. The author promises a biography but in reality traces only in broadest perspective the life of Thomas. It may be unfair to make this notation, especially since the objective of the writer is set forth so humbly, but the monumental if now ancient creation of Vaughn, the Benedictine, insists upon insinuating itself into our reading and demands comparison. Let those who read know that this is not the life of a man but a very admirable study by a very lovable author in one of his happiest hours.

It is suggested that the book has been written for those who are not of the "Communion of Saint Thomas." The name of Chesterton will guarantee that clientele and much good will come of it, for these readers will hardly attempt the more ponderous if more erudite treatises.

The trained scholastic may cavil about certain of his conclusions but the attitude will be meticulous. In turning a balanced paradox the writer has sometimes stressed form to the detriment of meaning but that is surely permissible in such a work. The novice in metaphysics will find here a very delectable presentation. He will read somewhat of historical data, a little of biography, a dash of hagiography, a chapter on theology of a kind, a meed of philosophy, some moralizing and of course, the type of literature that only Chesterton can produce.

It may not be amiss and certainly is not meant to be an unkindness to say that the paradox is carried to a degree and an extent that ceases to be artistry here as in so many other of G. K.'s compositions. Pungent sometimes, arresting always, it misleads occasionally and even palls at intervals. The subject was difficult enough for certain readers. The maze of near contradictories does not make an ideal medium for exposition of philosophical truths. The use is particularly unhappy in the comparison of Francis and Thomas.

If the book is useful to amateur philosophers, it is indispensable to the universal reader, for it is readable and it is most understandable. It would be a facile thing to wax vigorous here and to say in all truth and with due deference that for the popular reader Chesterton has done what Maritain with all his masterful intellect and in spite of his very superior philosophical equipment has not succeeded in doing.

It is perfectly true that there is dynamite in the contention that philosophy is most accurate when it is under-

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Next Week

THE MAJOR DOUGLAS DELUSIONS, by Geoffrey Biddulph, observes that "it is meaningless to talk of the desirability of creating credit 'without the burden of debt,' for debt and credit are merely aspects of the same thing—agreements to defer payment. Money cannot be a ticket to 'distribute' goods from obliging producers to passive consumers, for we produce not merely that others may consume but in order to get what we require in exchange, and money is our means of account and measure of indebtedness. Tickets are receipts issued to those who have still to receive services; money consists of circulating credits paid to those who have already rendered services. Entrepreneurs borrow because it is convenient to use credit for working capital, not because there is insufficient currency, and interest is a necessity in a profiteering economy to restrain enterprising business men from helping themselves indiscriminately to our available liquid resources." . . . A WORD ABOUT MARITAIN, by Daniel Sargent, author of the brilliant new biography of Thomas More, relates some intimate facts about a famous modern philosopher. . . . CULTURE IN THE FOREST PRIMEVAL, by Dr. Max Fischer, an interesting commentary on some recent cultural findings which we had hoped to publish in the present issue, will appear next week. . . . LORD ACTON'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIBERTY, by Frank E. Lally, is a résumé of the devotion of a laborious and noble mind to a study of the history of human liberty. "The wealth of interpretation touching the true nature of liberty, has caused more bloodshed than anything except theology," he says; and he discovers in Christianity the repudiation of political absolutism and the inauguration of freedom. This intensely interesting and valuable paper will be published in two parts, beginning next week.

stood by the man in the street and the author has permitted that inference. Ryan says impliedly in his "Introductory Philosophy" that what the said man of the street holds in metaphysics is very likely to be questionable. Properly interpreted and read in their context, both may be correct. Chesterton does seem, however, to bear a grievance against epistemology and modern psychology, and this is fault in one who writes philosophically.

Despite all the virtues of this work, and they are many, it is as defective as most that have been written around the "Angel of the Schools" in the failure to limit the man. Just once Chesterton gives promise of doing so but his work is about ended. Perhaps in some hour of leisure he will again take pen and begin where he has concluded. It is almost sad to contemplate that the greatest tribute to the Angelic Doctor that has come under my purview was offered by one of his bitterest enemies who, having ignored him in his history of philosophy, says in resentment and not in penance "and now though it break our heart to do so, let us forego our prejudice and admit him to our rosary of genius."

WILLIAM T. DILLON.

What We Inherit

Heredity and Environment, by Gladys C. Schwesinger. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

THESE studies in the genesis of psychological characteristics are a research in the field of eugenics and are, therefore, concerned about the qualitative improvement of the human race. After surveying the present status of measurement for intelligence and personality, the author summarizes the environmental influences as they affect the development of personality and intelligence.

Chapters I and II deal with measurements and tests, a number of which are briefly outlined and explained. They cover a large variety of methods and objects. The author concludes that notwithstanding the progress made in the methods of testing, further research should endeavor to eliminate certain weaknesses. At present, these tests measure rather what people can do than what they will do. It is the old trouble: the free will of man.

Chapter III defines the problem of heredity and environment and gives the genetic background. Until 1900 —omitting Mendel— genetics was a very speculative science. Although it was Mendel's merit to establish the general mechanism of heredity and to formulate the laws and principles governing it, the study of the problem was not extensively engaged in until the present century. Especially in the last twenty years a wealth of knowledge regarding genetics has been accumulated. Now it is quite certain that the causes of the difference in personality are rather pathological than environmental. The problem under discussion is the answer to the twofold question: Within what limits do human characteristics vary under the influence of environment? And, what is their relative susceptibility to environmental influences?

Chapter IV takes up these questions in their different aspects and Chapter V gives viewpoints on personality as presented by the modern schools of thought. Interpre-

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tations stressing physical and physiological bases and those which stress social and sociological factors are followed by the position of modern psychiatry. The more frequently mentioned authors and their personal views are presented, but some authors of importance are omitted. Dr. Rudolph Allers is one of them.

In the last chapter, the author reviews once more the matter considered and briefly discusses the findings. An appendix indicates fields for further research. Following the chapters are extensive bibliographies and lists of centers, committees and scientists interested in tests and eugenic studies.

The volume is esentially a reference work on psychological measurements and as such it is recommended to the student of genetics and race improvement.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

The Second President

Honest John Adams, by Gilbert Chinard. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.75.

NO HISTORIAN or biographer, as far as I know, has ever given Adams anything like fair treatment. This book comes nearest of any to doing so, which is the highest possible recommendation of it. Professor Chinard evidently feels the responsibility of being a pioneer, and therefore makes a specialty, one may say, of being objective, which is a great merit. His readers must supply their own imagination and their own predilections, if they have any. Mr. Chinard sees Adams as a man of sterling integrity, and shows by indirection the correlated trait of fearlessness, which has been probably the most conspicuous characteristic of the whole "Adams dynasty" down to the present generation. He does fair credit to Adams's learning and culture, going even so far as to say that if Adams had followed his literary bent, he might have been a first-rate writer. The author makes very little more of Adams's foibles than they are worth, and gives his personal ambitions and his patriotism their precise due. In his opinion Adams was no politician, never a party man, always taking the national view of public affairs, even making himself strictly a national President. If he had ever so little condescended from this position, Mr. Chinard thinks he might have averted the deadlock of 1800.

Among the many interesting features of this book are Mr. Chinard's disagreement with the opinion of Jay and Adams about the French Foreign Office's actual disposition toward the United States; his justification of so-called "shirt-sleeve diplomacy"; his view of the midnight appointments; and his impression that Adams was probably unaware that his stand for neutrality in 1799 would disrupt the Federalist party. Aside from the current value of Mr. Chinard's book, it has also the potential importance of establishing a generally satisfactory point of view from which to construct a larger and more discursive work on the subject; and one must observe that a competent full-length biography of John Adams, as of Thomas Jefferson, is disgracefully long overdue.

ALBERT JAY NOCK.

SHEED & WARD & CHAOS

Novels, one says magniloquently, are either cosmic or cosmetic. Which, like most simplifications, is nonsense. Take GATES OF HELL which we published last week (at $2.50). To call it cosmic would perhaps be too strong. But we doubt if any reader will dismiss it—or cherish it—as cosmetic. It is a murderously realistic novel of present day Russia. One might say that it *describes* the disease that Berdyaev's somberly titled END OF OUR TIME ($2.25) *diagnoses*. It is concerned, not with the political or economic effects of communism, but with what happens to the individual character when God is blotted out. The collapse of the individual, as this novel shows, is horrible enough under the systematized Godlessness of Russia, but not more so (as it also shows) than under the real, though unsystematized, Godlessness of the rest of Europe. Apart from this central preoccupation, the novel is intensely gripping. Even the member of the firm who loathed the book could not lay it down.

Such a square facing of the peril is necessary: unless the full horror is realized, it will never be combated with full intensity. But for the combat, a firm ground of principle is required. The human intellect must be sure of its ground and sure of its weapons. That is why St. Thomas Aquinas is so essential a teacher for our age—more than any man he taught the human mind its own strength. It is perhaps not a mere chance that Chesterton, one of the greatest stabilizing forces of the age, should have chosen just this moment to write ST. THOMAS AQUINAS ($2.00).

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Going Home

The Native's Return, by Louis Adamic. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.75.

THERE was no need for Mr. Adamic to make his book so long. All that is best in it, all that is needful and deeply interesting could have been told in half the space; and the work would have gained strength and symmetry by pruning. It is readable as it is; but not, in spite of much laughter and eating and drinking and good-fellowship, a cheerful narrative to remember. The one fact that emerges from its pages is that Jugoslavs are profoundly dissatisfied with Jugoslavia; and that a congregation of small Balkan states jostling each other at every turn is as far from being a love-nest as any other arbitrarily created realm.

Mr. Adamic is not a deep thinker, nor one versed in the philosophy of history. Venice, which he visits en route, means no more to him than might Jersey City. But he has a kind heart, a quick eye, and a gift for lively description. In him simplicity and sincerity stand pleasantly revealed. He believes everything he is told, which is, on the whole, a wise thing to do. There is no quality so ruinous to a traveler as incredulity. Where all is strange, much may be true. Best quality of any, this Americanized Slovene has deep in his heart an understanding of men who live close to the soil; and they speak to him as to one of their own kind. A grizzled old peasant of south Serbia said with charming candor: "We work a little, we steal a little (wood from the state forests), a little God gives. And so we live."

The only hope that Mr. Adamic discerns for his countryment is to be absorbed into the Soviet. "I see now," he writes, "that the salvation of the Jugoslav people and of other small backward nations in that part of the world lies, clearly and inescapably, in the direction of Russia." It is a way out, but at what a cost? To surrender the loveliness of living is to accept sadness as a dower. The peasants of Blato—Mr. Adamic's village home—laugh a great deal. Who hears the workers of Moscow laugh? To surrender personal freedom and individual initiative is to destroy life at its roots. "With God's help may I still love what is good, and strive for what is attainable," says Pindar nobly; and these two rights have kept the soul of man alive. Only a Slav can calmly contemplate existence in an ant-hill.

AGNES REPPLIER.

The Sphinx

Russia Today, by Sherwood Eddy. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THIRTY years ago, in the Far East, we all accepted Russia as an enigma. Even Russia's allies did. There was no pricking of the Russian bubble in 1904. Japan's victory, though her armies were seriously flawed and her Manchurian strategy had cracked, only deepened the Russian mystery. Twelve years ago, from Petersburg and Moscow, from the Crimea and Siberia, I reported to the State Department that I did not understand the Revolution, that no ambassador understood it; that no Russian

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understood it, unless, perhaps, those two strange, gigantic figures—Lenin and Trotzky. Trotzky has confirmed that, asserting that no one knew—not even he and Lenin.

Today mystery has vanished in the face of social experiments so profound that it does not matter to most men what preceded or caused them. Today, though not until today and the evolution of our own experimental chaos, it is beginning to be possible to evaluate the Bolshevist contribution to history. While most remained ignorant or opportunist, individuals have been studying what this glorious or evil Bolshevist egg might hatch.

" . . . These evils are so serious," says Sherwood Eddy, "that one is tempted to wonder if any good thing can come out of a system which contains such essential defects." He has "the same realistic fear and respect for Soviet Russia as for sulphuric acid."

That is a very good simile indeed. His book is well built upon that groundwork. It is easier to read than Berdyaev's and Gurian's, but should be read with these.

There are things essential to Bolshevism which Catholics cannot tolerate and traditional Americans cannot accept. Possibly it is dawning recognition of the Catholic-Bolshevist antithesis that inclines some Protestant Americans to find more in the latter than actually exists. That does not absolve Catholics from analytical search for the good in it. I recommend specially careful reading of the two chapters, "Reformation of Religion" and "The Interpretation of History."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Boarding School

Frost in May, by Antonia White. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

ANTONIA WHITE is successful in making life within the narow limits of her rather keenly edged novel, "Frost in May." The life is altogether concentrated within a British convent school, and it is intense enough to make us accept the place as important and real.

There is no explicit moral drama, no actual contest, and no ordinary plot in the whole book. A child is shown, a convert and daughter of a recent convert, who attends the convent of the Five Wounds. In the story of her development in that environment the reader enters to a tantalizing, but not satisfying, degree the amazing ethics of the Church, and of the convent of the Sisters.

There are two problems in the foreground of the author's concern: Why are people Catholics? And in what manner should one break one's will completely, and keep basically unattached from all creatures, in order to offer to God the will and personality? The book has no very serious resolution of the first question, but the second is the directing element of every page. This second question is not made logically abstract. The Sisters and convent life are put forward as altogether relevant, in spite of an impure charity and a certain righteousness we are forced to see. It is very realistic, as opposed to idealistic, thought, and it is probably because of this that it is a novel, artistically alive and not at all pedantic.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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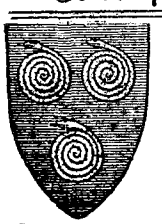
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Briefer Mention

English Critical Essays, XX Century; edited by Phyllis M. Jones. New York: Oxford University Press. $.80.

MISS JONES has edited a perfect gem of a little book. It affords so good an impression of the scope and method of recent criticism that we know of nothing similar which ought to be so warmly commended. Possibly some objection may be raised against the amount of space given to the criticism of poetry; but today poetry is again back in the center of the literary stage, sophomores and their professors to the contrary notwithstanding. Still, in addition to Bridges, Ker, Bradley, Garrod, Eliot, Read and others on verse and its authors, there are representative criticisms of fiction by Alice Meynell, Max Beerbohm and Virginia Woolf. This is an anthology which coheres and which ought to do a great deal of good. In addition it is so inexpensive that it will not tax a student's budget.

Wherefore: Peace, by Raymond Ellsworth Larsson. New York: The Modern Editions Press. $.50.
A Sheaf, by Raymond Ellsworth Larsson. New York: The Modern Editions Press. $.50.

THESE two poems, complete in themselves, are probably sections of a new long poem by Mr. Larsson, although whether they are or no, does not at the moment seem of special interest. For all his more recent work may be said to have been directed toward the composition of a single poem; at least to have been prompted by a single vision, and to belong to a single general design, steadily observed. It is deepening in content; his diction is more various and sure. The two poems listed are short; the first is of four printed pages, the other of two. Yet anyone who reads them, and is willing to understand them, will be enriched by an experience of poetry which is not to be had every other week, for instance.

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